

The Round Table.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1868.

RECONSTRUCTION.

ONE of the grand errors which the people of the North have committed since the close of the war lies at the basis of the whole reconstruction policy, and is independent of any question of the constitutional power to deal with the Southern States as they have been dealt with. It has consisted in the assumption of a necessity for *protecting* the negroes against the whites. The general belief in such a necessity has led the people of the North to acquiesce in measures which they certainly would otherwise have condemned, and of which they are now beginning to see the mischievous fruits. The error has extended to the means as well as to the end. We have assumed that the negroes needed protection at our hands, and then have committed the blunder of supposing that the ballot was to be the great panacea. It has proved to be a Pandora's box.

If a supreme ruler, having unrestrained authority and an ordinary share of wisdom and benevolence, had been called to consider the problem presented by the sudden abolition of slavery as one of the consequences of a civil war growing out of a political revolt against his government, it is probable that one of the last projects that he would have adopted would have been to reverse the political and social relations of the two races by conferring political power upon the inferior race and taking it away from the superior. But wise or unwise, constitutional or unconstitutional, the action of Congress toward the Southern States has been founded on a monstrous assumption. The whole social history of the South for a period of fifty years preceding the rebellion shows that the relations between the two races had in general been kindly and harmonious. There were evils enough attendant upon slavery, and it was certainly a blot upon the escutcheon of such a republic as ours. We have all reason to be thankful for its removal, and this we believe is the opinion of ninety-nine in every hundred of the former masters. But whether it arose from the nature of the negro, from the fact that for so many generations he had been a slave, or from the virtues which such a system engendered in the whites along with vices which it produced, it is undeniable that protection and good treatment of the blacks were the settled habits and the firm disposition of Southern society. If it had been otherwise, we never should have witnessed the extraordinary spectacle, which was displayed all through the war, of a servile population remaining peacefully at work in the absence of their masters, who were carrying on a war one of the avowed objects of which was to continue them in their servile condition. There was no such thing as a serious slave insurrection in the whole South while the war was going on. In cases almost innumerable the slaves on isolated plantations, where white women and children were left without any protectors of their own race excepting a single overseer, were faithful to the last, carrying on the labor of production which furnished the sinews of war as well as the means of subsistence for all. The national government obtained no important military advantage in the whole course of the war which can be said to have accrued from any willingness of the blacks to rise *en masse* against the supposed oppressors. This spectacle has at no time impressed the people of the North as it did the people of foreign countries, and we have not drawn from it the important lesson it should have conveyed to us.

It should have taught us that when the people of the Southern States, after the war was ended, consented to ratify an amendment of the Constitution of the United States abolishing slavery, and when they were ready, as they certainly were, to adjust their legislation and customs to a system of free labor, our further interference would be both unnecessary and mischievous. It was clearly unnecessary, because there was no oppression, and no feeling that rankled

in the bosoms of the whites against the blacks. It was certain to prove mischievous, because as legislators for the South we were utterly incompetent to deal with a problem so far removed from us, so local, so peculiar, and involving so many details of which we could know nothing. We were completely ignorant of the race for whose benefit we undertook to act. We were ignorant of the processes and necessities of the great agriculture which depended upon their labor. What kind of contracts the owner of the soil could make with the freedmen, what contracts could be enforced, how subsistence was to be provided, how the laboring population were to be kept at work and kept in health—that population being one just emancipated from the absolute will of an owner and no more capable in general of self-direction than so many children—these were matters with which it was impossible for any government to deal wisely which entirely lacked representative men belonging to those communities, and assumed the relation of a sovereign that had quelled a political revolt. We did the very worst thing that we could have done. We sent a military power to deal with social problems that required local knowledge and the experience which generations of civilized and intelligent white men had acquired in dealing with the negro; and the agents of that military power were Northern strangers, very poorly qualified to legislate for a people whose interests and whose wants they could not understand, and against whom they carried with them strong political prejudices. The Freedmen's Bureau was founded upon the idea that the blacks needed protection against the whites; and along with this came another stupendous mistake, that it was necessary to repress the whites because they had been "rebels," and to proclaim the blacks to be the "loyalists" and "Unionists" because their former masters had engaged in a political revolt against the Federal government. This running of political distinctions into problems that were purely social, legislative, and local—the problems of free labor where slave labor alone had produced the great staples of a very peculiar region—soon excited the ambition and chicanery of a certain class of politicians who have had the predominant control of the Federal government since a comparatively early period in President Lincoln's administration.

These men conceived the idea that if the ballot could be put into the hands of the negro they could control the political character of the Southern States, and by means of a population which they could handle as they pleased the Southern States might be made, politically, Republican; as they would certainly become Democratic if the whites were left in possession of the political power. But how the ballot was to be got into the hands of the blacks was a question not easy to be settled. The institutions and the fundamental law of the United States did not admit of any interference by Congress with the right of suffrage. The making or unmaking of voters by an act of Congress was a thing unheard of; and even the most radical of our Radicals did not at first see their way to this assumption of power. They proposed an amendment of the Constitution which would deprive the Southern States of their proportion of representative populations unless they conferred suffrage upon the negroes. This amendment was rejected by the people on whom it undertook to force a change which they knew the freedmen were not fit for, and for which there was no kind of honest necessity. What was to be done? Negro suffrage must be had, or the political power of the Radical party in the North was in danger of being lost by the reaction naturally to be expected after a civil war. *Reconstruction* was the only remaining resource—a scheme which meant that the Southern States, as they then existed and always had existed, should be suppressed; that the whites who would not consent to negro suffrage should be disfranchised by the direct force of an act of Congress; that suffrage should be conferred on the blacks by the same power; and that the state should thus become an entirely new body of people, a majority of whom are destitute of even the rudiments of education, and are less fit for the exercise of the right of suffrage than any corresponding population in any country of Christendom; if, indeed, there is any other population of a distinct race, situated in the midst of the intelligent and educated Caucasian races, and with which the

negroes of our Southern States can be compared. Governments that are thus based upon the most ignorant and degraded class, that class being an inferior race and being made by the disfranchisement of great numbers of the superior race the actual holders of the political power, can possibly accomplish nothing but mischief. The scheme could not have originated in any other motive than a design to obtain the political control of those states in the elections which relate to the offices of the Federal government. The idea that the blacks needed protection against the whites has been honestly entertained by the masses of the people of the North, whose erroneous convictions have thus furnished the politicians with a pretext; whereas we should all have seen and admitted that the best protectors of the blacks in their new condition of freedom were those who had always lived with them, who were born on the same soil, who best understood them, and whose strongest interest it was to raise their condition as fast as it could be raised by prudent and honest legislation. No good has yet been done in the relations of the two races by the interference of Congress. At the same time the state of things which has been produced, politically, is deplorable. A race of adventurers from the North, of the worst type of politicians, appropriately dubbed in the political slang of the day as "carpet-baggers," are assuming the most important offices of those states and are swarming into Congress as representatives of the Southern people; while the legislatures of the new negro governments are composed of the least intelligent, the least capable, and the least honest of the white race, with an intermixture of blacks, most of whom cannot read or write. The new governments, too, are started with the fundamental condition, imposed by their constitutions and enforced by the terms of their admission into the Union, that the universal suffrage shall never be changed. What a future, then, is before those states! Bound for ever—if the scheme is capable of lasting—to an irreversible and unchangeable condition of society, that condition being that gross ignorance and absolute poverty shall hold more political power than intelligence and property; that laws shall not be made by those who are best, but shall be made by those who are least, qualified to make them; and that no man shall hold office or cast a vote who does not first take an oath that he believes in the political and social equality of races on which the hand of Heaven has stamped indelible marks of relative inferiority and superiority which have always been developed and always operated whenever they have been brought in contact.

The prospect is melancholy enough. One thing, however, appears to us clear, whether the one party or the other prevails in the approaching Presidential election. It is, that this condition of things in the South cannot continue. It is a kind of legislation that is impracticable for any but a temporary and factitious purpose. It is a scheme which may possibly give the electoral votes of the reconstructed states to the Republican candidates; but as the basis of the future polity and condition of civilized states it is too manifestly a violation of the ordinances of Providence to remain long in operation. Daniel Webster once said—speaking of the impossibility of introducing African slavery into a region where it was excluded by the irresistible forces of climate and soil—that it was useless to re-enact the laws of GOD. It is worse than useless to legislate against His laws; and that it is one of His laws that educated intelligence, experience, and virtue shall govern the affairs of this world is certain. A people who so shape their laws as to reverse this condition of our nature will find that there is a law above them stronger than any they can frame.

ENGLAND AND TERRITORIAL GROWTH.

THE Abyssinian expedition has already passed into history. The English press now points with a somewhat ostentatious pride to the rare disinterestedness with which this gigantic undertaking has been conceived and executed, to the enormous cost at which the national honor has been vindicated, to the rigid self-denial practised after astonishing successes, and to the conclusive refutation of all the ill-natured predictions of certain continental journalists whose prejudices against "perfidious Albion" led them to

insist that such a war must necessarily have had more substantial ends in view than the mere liberation of the so-called English captives, for there was really only one genuine Englishman, Consul Cameron, among them! Nor can it be denied that these boasts are in a great measure excusable, if not actually justified. England's greed was so proverbial that little reliance was placed in her professions, in her truly chivalrous disinterestedness and singleness of purpose, and people therefore continued still to question her sincerity even after the immediate evacuation of Abyssinia and the return of the British army had been officially announced by the imperial government. At the same time it must be remembered that nine Englishmen out of every ten had harbored precisely the same suspicions and doubts, and that they were, perhaps, quite as much surprised at the unexpected dénouement of the expedition as the foreign sceptics themselves. England has, however, unquestionably achieved not only a great triumph by her evacuation of the country, but a second triumph scarcely less splendid and noticeable in having overcome the temptation to retain her conquest. As a people of the same race, we Americans must sincerely rejoice over the conduct of our elder relations. Though we may not be able to agree with Disraeli's bombastic assertion that he and his Tory colleagues have raised England's prestige to a previously unknown height abroad, we have none the less witnessed the loss of her moral influence and authority with the same feelings of regret with which we have seen the steady growth of continental Cæsarism. England has gradually sunk more and more into oblivion and obscurity, and she seemed for a brief period to have virtually abdicated all pretensions to rank among the great powers of the world. Every journalistic eulogist of the Zündnadel and Chassepot era thought himself privileged to sneer and to speak in disparaging terms of Britain's pretensions and of Britain's decadence. Indeed, it had become absolutely necessary that some daring political move, some brilliant, dashing feat of arms, should remind the scoffers to beware how they roused the aging British lion from his seeming lethargy. This object the Abyssinian campaign has fully accomplished, and without a single stain to dim the glory of the deed. Few would, perhaps, have been disposed to doubt that England is still as capable as ever to act with her traditional decision and prowess when her material interests are at stake; yet it was well that she should have proved her readiness to defend with the same energy and vigor her honor and policy without even a suspicion of being influenced by sordid motives.

But while so ready to award England all the credit she deserves, we can nowhere discover in the Abyssinian adventure any evidences of that superhuman, self-sacrificing spirit claimed for her by a certain portion of the press, and a remark made by *The London Times* confirms this opinion. "The idea," naïvely observes this journal, "of establishing a colony in Abyssinia found no favor with those who have been able to judge of the country from personal inspection." There can be no reasonable doubt that the reports which Sir Stafford Northcote constantly received from the expedition must have discouraged any projects of permanent settlement which may at first have been entertained at home. The country did not turn out what it had been represented, and the population realized none of the expectations which had been formed of them. The result at which the scientific attachés of the expedition arrived seems to have amounted to this: the soil and the people are both alike utterly unsuited for all purposes of civilization; hence its occupation would not pay. Everybody was, therefore, glad when an enterprise of whose termination few had been very sanguine was over, and the troops were withdrawn in safety from that sterile and inhospitable region.

The remarkable abstinence displayed in this instance by England is, perhaps, capable of still another explanation. In common with the other nations of middle and western Europe she has ceased to care for territorial aggrandizement. In those states, once the privileged seat of human civilization, the impulse to expand is either already extinct or gradually dying out; they begin more to turn their energies to the development and consolidation of their ancient possessions and less to an extension of their power abroad. Geographi-

cally, ethnologically, and politically speaking, they will henceforth keep themselves within clearly-defined limits, and any future changes or modifications which may yet occur in them will, therefore, have rather a local than an international importance. But while this impulse to expand diminishes or expires in some nations it grows in others, and that on a scale unprecedented in history since the downfall of the Roman Empire, save in the exceptional cases of some savage conqueror like Attila or Genghis Khan, but never connected in regular chronological progression with a civilized people. Russia and the United States belong to the latter class; Prussia, Spain, Italy, France, and even England, to the former. Thus, Prussia's ambition is strictly confined to the unity and reconstruction of Germany; beyond that she has no aspirations. The most visionary Russo-German unitarian never dreams of universal dominion, hardly even of the eventual absorption of the non-German provinces of Austria. Spain has long abandoned all pretensions to exert any political influence on the outside world. Once ruling over two hemispheres, she can now hardly maintain order at home. Her small colonial possessions are to her rather a source of weakness than of strength, and she will not be tempted to increase them. Italy is in the same condition as Prussia, and desires nothing more than to add Rome to the new monarchy. France, at one period of her history ready to contest with the Anglo-Saxons the possession of North America and to people the New World with another great French nation, has lost that magnificent heritage. Her descendants have disappeared from this continent. Louisiana passed out of her hands when the First Napoleon conceived the project of making himself the master of Europe, and at the present time half a million of Franco-Canadians, the fragment of a lost nationality, surrounded by an alien race, alone remains to tell the story of what might have been. The power of France centres entirely in her Gallic possessions. Algeria is confessedly a failure, and the Mexican expedition was probably her last attempt to extend her rule beyond the seas. She has fleets, an extensive commerce, shipping, political connections, and some colonies abroad, but no hopes of materially influencing the future destinies of other nations. England, still ruling in all quarters of the globe, and owning vast territories in every region, is certainly a cosmopolitan power; but a closer examination will show that in her case also the process of retrogression has set in. She has lost the North American colonies; Canada and Australia are rapidly preparing to set up for themselves; and even India will obey the same law by which these full-grown children sever their connection with the parent land. England, satiated with wealth, no longer feels the impulse to expand which the England of former days experienced. If the surrender of the Ionian Islands was a sign of the impending change, the ease with which the temptation to hold Abyssinia and to establish herself permanently on the highway to India was resisted is a still stronger one. A century ago such an opportunity to add a country, successfully overrun by her arms, to the national domain would not have been lost. Even now, when we remember that the red cross waves already over the ruins of Aden and the floating batteries of Perim; that Mascar, Sela, Fedzura, Berbera, and Zanzibar are British in fact, if not in name; and that the control of Ethiopia would complete the ascendancy of England in the Red Sea regions and on the east African coast, in spite of the Suez Canal, this abnegation appears truly wonderful.

GUSHING GIRLS.

EXAGERATED sentimentality would scarcely be selected by the discriminating moralist as the crying sin of our day and generation. We are entirely too practical for that, you know; we are much too keen in our hunt after the material prizes of life to waste much time in profitless yearnings for dimly-comprehended spiritual perfection; too earnest in our adoration of the real to take much interest in the contemplation of vague but lovely ideals, or to care greatly for the connection of the Good, the Beautiful, and the True, even as expounded by Lord Lytton with force of logic and splendor of capital letters. Indeed, it is no insignificant sign of the tendency of the age that we have ceased to believe at all in his lordship, prophet and high-priest of sentimentalism as he is; that

we have begun to laugh at his pinchbeck pathos and his filigree philosophy just as his coevals used to laugh at the interminable woes of dear old Clarissa Harlowe. Instead of the dramatic highwaymen and accomplished assassins that our mothers cried over and adored, our daughters have come to prefer Thackeray's cynical sinners or George Eliot's sad-eyed workers, or the Pre-Raphaelite noodles of Mr. Trollope. That is, when they permit themselves to indulge in any such unfashionable exertion of intellect as the formation of a preference would indicate; perhaps we should rather say they suffer themselves to be amused by writers of a very different stamp from those that delighted their grandmothers. The age of gush is over; it passed away with *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and *The Scottish Chiefs* and the wailing lyre of L. E. L.; with the high-waisted, puffed, and powdered dames that found in those romantic pages their most delightful literary sustenance. That enthusiasm which is the well-spring of gush we have no longer except in the noble pursuit of money-getting; and in all other things we have found it to be the mark of a lofty spirit to evince an absolute and self-absorbed indifference. This is a truth which feminine instinct has been swift to seize and profit by; and the gushing girl of to-day, whenever at rare intervals she may be found, takes care not to peril her prospects by any unseasonable disclosure of her nature. The type still exists, of course, for gush is too essential an attribute of femininity ever to be wholly conquered; and there are moments in the life of every woman when she reveals her hidden possibilities in this direction—as over a baby, for example, or a wedding-dress; but, as we have said, the examples of the true species are comparatively rare. Indeed, American girls are seldom young long enough to evince the peculiarity in its truest form, for gush implies a certain quantity of youthfulness, at least in feeling, and whenever they do gush it is rather assumed as an attribute of the youth which has passed away for ever. So that to a casual observer it would almost seem as though one writing of gushing girls should write in the past tense altogether; but the deduction would be wrong. The gushing girl still exists, made wary and cautious by circumstances, difficult to detect except by chance, but to him who knows rightly where to look for her and to soothe her apprehensions, revealing herself in all her pristine excellence. Such girls we have met, and we design to set down here for the benefit of posterity, that all memory of a fast disappearing species shall not wholly perish, such distinguishing marks and peculiarities as a somewhat close observation has discovered.

Gush is not confined to locality nor even to age, though, as we have said, it implies, if not youth, at least youthfulness of feeling or its counterfeit. It is usually the result of imperfect cultivation and defective knowledge stimulated by a severe surfeit of undigested poetry. Boarding-school girls have most of it, and girls who have never got beyond the boarding-school stage of culture;

"The sweet girl-graduate with golden hair"

is the best possible example of the species. The outward and visible signs of the gushing girl are not many. She usually has large, languid eyes and ringlets of a corkscrew pattern; or if not, devotes a large part of her existence to sighing because she hasn't and wishing that she had. She is commonly tall and thin; we have met fat girls who gushed in a most preposterous manner, but somehow they never inspired us with the slightest sympathy or with any other feeling than that they were arrant impostors. For the great card of the gushing girl is her desolation of soul, her secret, mysterious agony; you have dark hints dropped in moments of supreme confidence of some ineffable and devouring sorrow, of a false lover, a blighted life.

But to make this sort of talk at all effective one must have an appearance corresponding to the devastating effects of all this withering storm of passion and pain, one must be poetically fragile and romantically slim, wasted away in the consuming flame of unrequited love—

"lentis penitus macerata ignibus."

For a fat girl to murmur about spirit-anguish and faithless ones is simply ridiculous; there is nothing romantic about her, and the sooner she makes up her mind to be prosaically happy and comfortably commonplace the better for herself and everybody about her. Unhappily, this is a height of self-denial and common sense which mortality very seldom reaches, and once a fat girl is given over to the delusion of sentimentalism it is really very difficult to bring her to a sense of her absurdity. We once knew a most captivating young woman, astonishingly healthy, every way fitted to adorn the sphere in which she moved, and dropping the scale

at two hundred odd pounds avoirdupois, who yet resigned the respect and esteem of her acquaintance to sit in the moonlight and roll her eyes wildly at that silvery orb, or to talk with gloomy pleasure of weeping willows and funeral urns and the delicious quiet of the tomb. Moonlight and weeping willows to the true gushing girl form the best possible accompaniment, and furnish indeed an excellent test of the reality of her pretensions; but the fat girl develops out of all reach of the most facile sentimentalism under the pitiless exaggeration of those heartless beams.

The gushing girl, then, is to be thin and addicted to moonlight, which always arouses in her a tendency to bask and to swell with unutterable thoughts, to gaze fixedly on some bright particular star, to sigh profoundly, and to quote largely from some very sweet poet, *Lalla Rookh* being usually preferred—“I never loved a dear gazelle,” etc. Sunset, also, has on the gushing girl a remarkable effect; and twilight she adores. The hooting owl, the chirping katydid, the swooping bat, all the innumerable sounds of summer evening wrap her soul in a sort of celestial ecstasy, and generally lure her into fresh fields and pastures new of unquoted and lovely verse of the most melancholy description, wherefrom she commonly derives great consolation and a cold in the head. As we have intimated, she is partial to poetry, without, however, often venturing within the sacred precincts of composition; though almost always she has a friend, a sweet female friend, who writes the loveliest poetry you can possibly imagine. Novels she reads, of course, but only those of a very lugubrious description, where everybody is indescribably miserable for three volumes, and the hero and heroine are satisfactorily killed at last locked in each other’s arms. Yet with all this tendency to the melancholic in literature the gushing girl is rather good-humored in her ordinary workaday aspects, is rather happy than otherwise in her domestic relations, and is usually blessed with a most intrepid appetite.

If to other women a new baby is a well-spring of incoherent pleasure, to the gushing girl it is a perfect fountain of idiotic delight, plunging her into an absolute epilepsy of admiration until she fairly foams at the mouth with delirious eulogistic nonsense. In much the same spirit she makes it a point to fall head over ears in love with the fat and rather uninteresting tenor, and raves wildly about the handsome but not embarrassingly intellectual tragedian, and has photographs of him in all his principal characters; does her thinking, or whatever mysterious process she substitutes for thinking, in the most exaggerated superlatives and spells language, hyperbole. She is frank to a fault, and within an hour after introduction will have gushed forth to you the entire story of her woes and disappointments, her yearnings and aspirations. She is a weak, clinging flower, she tells you, torn and crushed by cruel blasts, and she comes to you for comfort and protection, which, if she is pretty, as she not unfrequently is, you are not loth to give her. If she sings, it is always some plaintive little ballad of despair and death in a minor key, like “Fair, fair, with golden hair, under the willow she’s sleeping,” and she plays occasionally with much feeling and freedom an etherealized and very much mixed-up version of *The Dead March in Saul*. But she greatly prefers the harp to the piano because it is so much more romantic and so much more patronized by the poets, and because, as she sits by it with back-flung curls and upturned brow, she has the opportunity of comparing herself to St. Cecilia or to one of those very wingy musical seraphs of religious art. Lovers, of course, she has in plenty, because every one who takes her fancy—and every man does who is at all dark and has any pretensions to be considered a good-looking person—is briskly elevated in her fervid imagination from a desirable and possible to an actual admirer. Whether he cares for, or even knows, her, is matter of the purest indifference; all the same he serves her purpose of setting the frame whereon she shall shape her fantastic ideals. When the actual lover does come and the edge is a little worn off the novelty, he finds her not very different from other girls in a similar predicament, and she is amazed to find the all-important question settled in the most commonplace way imaginable, without a single vow or any allusion to two hearts, etc., or two souls, etc.; without so much as suggesting a single appropriate quotation. From this amazement she never fairly recovers; and from the day of her marriage, or, at least, from the end of her honeymoon, her gushing days may be considered fairly over.

Or at any rate the disease takes a different form. On her babes and her husband usually overflow the surpluses

age of her emotional utterances, and moonlight and weeping willows are held of very little account. That is, if her marriage be happy; if not, she commonly develops into that peculiar type of marital querulousness whose chief joy in life consists in imparting to the world what trials one’s husband and children are and what a meek and uncomplaining martyr one is altogether. The gushing girl who doesn’t marry is the amiable old maid whom everybody knows, with spit-curls and the sacred memory of a lost love. She reads poetry still, but quotes it less, takes great interest in the amatory entanglements of her younger friends, and is generally just as jolly and charming an old maid as one could wish to have. Take her all in all, from first to last, the gushing girl is by no means the worst of girls, and her ill-balanced enthusiasm is certainly preferable to that well-bred indifference which can find time in the midst of a proposal to estimate the amount of a lover’s probable income.

COMMENCEMENT AT HARVARD.

IT is often said, sneeringly, by foreigners that America has no universities, but merely a few misnamed high-schools or lyceums; and however disagreeable the remark may be, its justice will not be denied by any one who knows what signification is attached to the word university abroad. American degrees are proverbially meaningless, and to say in Europe that a professional man’s degree is American is almost equivalent to calling him a quack. This may be unjust, but if any graduate of a European university had attended the commencement exercises at Harvard last month he would have gone away with the conviction that Europe was right for once, and that, if Harvard was a fair specimen of American universities, their influence, whether for education or culture, must be miserably small.

Whether such a conviction would be correct may be questioned; but certain it is that a better display of unmitigated humbug and downright puerility in the name of learning, and under the sanction of reasonable men, could not well be imagined. A sensible old Roman used to wonder that one haruspex could help laughing when he met another; how the Harvard faculty of professors refrained from indulging in inextinguishable laughter at the whole commencement ceremony is more than amazing. We scrutinized their faces very carefully, and could not detect even the ghost of a smile, though some of the performers in the comedy perpetrated a broad grin. The Anglo-Saxon race used to be famous for its quick and subtle detection of the ludicrous; but it seems that in New England *le Puritanisme a passé sur tout cela*. There men and women can look solemn in the midst of what to all other persons would be a most enjoyable farce; the most threadbare doctrines and theories, delivered with the proper drawl, will be listened to as if each were the recently discovered “solvent word” of the problem of the universe.

Of the commencement ceremony at Harvard the part deserving attention was that which took place in the church, and which consisted of theses, dissertations, and orations, spoken by the members of the graduating class. The procession was as useless and as silly as processions of sober-looking males usually are, taking place, as it did, under a scorching sun and in a place where display—the great aim of a procession—was simply impossible. When, under waving fans, it filed into the church, charitable people thought the nonsense was at an end, but were destined in a few moments to learn that they had seen only the end of the beginning. After a short introductory prayer from the president, the proceedings opened with a Latin oration delivered with that most terrible of all pronunciations, the English. It is a piece of the most inexplicable absurdity that, while we know with certainty how the Romans did pronounce their language, persons should continue to pronounce it according to a method whose sole foundation is caprice, setting at utter defiance quantity, which was such an essential element in the utterance of both Greek and Latin. Such things, however, might be tolerated, inasmuch as a man may learn to comprehend the sense of a language without pronouncing a single word correctly, and the comprehension of Latin is, after all, the chief thing aimed at in the teaching of it; but in that case, why make Latin speeches at all? With graduates of Harvard, not one of whom, we will venture to affirm, has had any considerable practice in the writing of Latin prose, they are simply a piece of childish farce. When students can write classical Latin and speak it correctly—there is no reason why they should not do both—then they may with a good grace indulge in Latin orations.

Meaningless as the Latin address was, it would have been well had the other orations, theses, and dissertations been made in the same language. The puerility of thought which these displayed would thereby have been partially concealed, inasmuch as nonsense is not very transparent in a learned language, and the attention of the audience would have been concentrated upon the latter instead of the former. The exercises in the programme numbered in all twenty-two, but of these a considerable proportion were not delivered, for what reason we know not, unless it was that the subjects of them were unpromising—*St. Simon and Comte*, for example.

It would, no doubt, be unfair to compare Harvard with any European university of importance and expect that she should come up to its standard; but Harvard ought, in all reason, to excel the universities and high-schools of the West. Graduates of Harvard, when they migrate West, seem to feel as if they went in the capacity of missionaries to instruct and civilize a half-barbarous people, and they give themselves airs and demand consideration accordingly. They are usually astonished to find Western people blind to their claims and oblivious of their importance, and wonder that at the name of Harvard every head does not bow. A brief process of snubbing, however, usually sets their notions right on these points, and they come to find that instead of having anything to teach the West, they have much to learn from it. We know of high-schools in Western cities whose graduating classes would be heartily ashamed to make such an exhibition as that made by the Harvard class of 1868. And the reason is obvious.

For what are the commencement exercises at Harvard? They are, almost without exception, short essays—no doubt written and afterward committed to memory—upon subjects having no connection whatever with any branch of study which the college pretends to give instruction in. The consequences are, first, that the essays are intrinsically crude, worthless, windy, vague, inaccurate, and uninteresting; second, that they are very unfair specimens of what their authors can do when treating of subjects with which they have some acquaintance; third, that, being committed *verbatim* to memory, they defeat the aim of public exhibitions generally, which is to give proof of the students’ talents for public speaking; and, fourth, that countenance is given to that practice which is one of the curses of America, namely, the darkening of words without knowledge. All these consequences were painfully apparent at the commencement of 1868. What, for example, could be expected from a fledgling student on *The Zulus, The Coming Railroad Despotism, The Reform of the United States Civil Service, Women as Soldiers, Co-operative Associations?* Nothing, and there was no disappointment.

Much might be said against the utility and propriety of commencement displays generally. They are, doubtless, intended to render popular educational institutions; and if they were necessary for this purpose they might be tolerated, and indeed ought to be supported. Elementary schools, established in districts where parents do not appreciate the value of education for their children, can hardly attain popularity and success in any other way; but surely Harvard does not require such tinsel to make her attractive. The parents of the young men who attend Harvard are surely capable of valuing education apart from display, and all the more that it is so apart. Why, then, should Harvard have commencement exercises?

Still, if colleges are resolved to have such things, they ought surely to see that they are of some utility, either mediately or immediately. They would be of considerable immediate value if, at the close of the junior year, a subject were assigned to each student, which he should study thoroughly, and at his graduation present in a clear and condensed essay, to be considered as part of his examination for his degree, and read or repeated from memory before a public assembly. There are many classical, historical, and scientific subjects which might be thus assigned—subjects which the shortness of the regular curriculum prevents from being taken up as branches of study to be investigated thoroughly. This is the plan pursued in many European universities with eminent success. There are examples on record of discoveries and additions to knowledge made by candidates for graduation in the course of preparation for their public dissertation. To cite an example, which is perhaps hardly to the point, M. Renan’s work on *Averroës et l’Averroïsme* was, in its original form, his thesis for his doctor’s degree. Graduation exercises would be of considerable value indirectly if

they were of such a nature as to compel those taking part in them each to undertake a course of minute and careful research into some particular subject, thereby putting them in the position of actual truth-seekers. Instead of being told where they can find information on the subject of their themes, they ought to have their tact and skill in finding information for themselves thoroughly tested, and not be allowed to imitate one of the *summi cum laude* orators at Harvard, who stated that he had been obliged to abandon the idea of writing an oration on Socrates—the subject suggested to him—because a work on Socrates, written some years ago by a German, was not to be found in the college library! In the present state of graduation exercises there is gained no advantage, either direct or indirect. The orators attain no thorough knowledge of their subjects, and they learn none of the methods of scientific or historic research. We had a strong suspicion in listening to some of them that they were using their old school orations to save time and trouble. It is said that age brings a second childhood; can it be Harvard's age that has brought her puerility?

There is one point more upon which we must animadvert, and that is the miserable delivery of the Harvard graduates. After each inevitable *expectatur* from the president, a youth was seen to mount the rostrum with all the awkwardness of persons who feel themselves in a false position, heightened by the uncouthness of a barbarous *habillement* which he had evidently never proved. After more or less unsystematic bowing, each gave his proofs of memory for bad prose with all the systematic regularity of cadence exhibited by a machine. Foolish as the operation of bowing is, one could not help wishing that it might occupy even more of the performance than it did; it was the least automatic part of it.

In making these remarks we do not in the least intend to disparage the Harvard graduates of 1868. They probably did as well as most young men would have done in their places. They merit by no means scorn, but pity, inasmuch as they were forced into a position for which they had received no adequate preparation, and in which, consequently, they demeaned themselves very oddly. We keep the whole of our scorn for the system, and for the men who expose youths, many of whom, no doubt, have done their best, with such poor light as Harvard affords, to pursue their studies faithfully, to the laughs and sneers of thoughtful men and women. We have heard it repeatedly affirmed that few Harvardians, after leaving college, retain any respect for their *Alma Mater*; no wonder. If she persists in keeping her sons in the position of children, and then setting them up as laughing-stocks when they are on the point of getting beyond the reach of her authority, she is no gracious mother, but a heartless step-mother.

MY RELIGION.

BY A MODERN MINISTER.

VI.

Fear not: I have redeemed thee.—JEHOVAH.

THE second view of God's plan of salvation given us in the Scriptures is that in which it is depicted as a redemption. This term does not denote merely release or deliverance in general, but a definite and positive kind of release, namely, by the payment of a corresponding ransom. This is the clear signification of the terms used both in the New Testament and the Old. Christ says that He gave "His life a ransom for many." The comparison of His blood with gold and silver proves that the word must be taken in its original sense. "Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold from your vain conversation [sinfulness of life] received by tradition [inherited] from your fathers, but with the precious blood of Christ." And this definite signification is abundantly confirmed by the use of the same term in parallel passages. The manner in which this redemption has been effected is, therefore, by the production and payment of a ransom-price. The justice of God, outraged by sin, was satisfied by this payment. "Redemption related, therefore, primarily to the curse and guilt of sin, and, secondarily, to its enslaving power." And from both we are delivered "through the redemption that there is in Christ Jesus," by virtue of the price which He has paid for our redemption.

This price is variously designated as "the blood of Christ" or "the life of Christ," since, according to the Jewish conception, the blood is the seat of life; "for the life of the flesh is in the blood," it is said, "and it is the blood that maketh an atonement of the soul."

So "the blood of Christ" was "shed for many," who are said to be "justified by His blood," "purchased with His own blood," and "redeemed with the precious blood of Christ." It is *precious* blood both because undefiled by sin and because it is that of the God Man. "He who had reigned from everlasting in unchallenged supremacy, and the illimitable grandeur of His Godhead—the glory of whose perfection had been the illumination of the universe, and the energies of whose nature were the guaranty of its preservation; He who had strewn the path of eternity with the wonders of omnipotence, and lighted up the mansions of infinity with the emanations of His bounty; He who was infinite in all His perfections," alone was rich enough to pay the price of man's redemption. He, though He was rich in all the treasures of infinity, emptied Himself of His riches, and for our sakes, for our redemption, became poor. The price He paid was His incarnation, suffering, and obedience even unto death, and this crowning incident is sometimes mentioned as including all the rest, and rendered infinitely valuable by the union in Him of the human nature with the divine. Those thus redeemed are

ground of any definite hope we find in ourselves of forgiveness of sins and of everlasting life."

While this new-felt gratitude is fresh and vigorous, or when refreshed and invigorated by some new spiritual apprehension of the Redeemer's love, the emotion is strong enough to overcome the impulse of baser passions. "The impulsive power of a new affection" is wonderful. But when these precious truths are grown familiar, when no new apprehensions are granted us of God in Christ, very often the impulse of these better feelings is so feeble as to be suppressed and subverted by the torrents of passion which sometimes hurry the soul away to sin. This deficiency is to be met by careful and prayerful training, by constant, continual Christian self-culture, until the habit of holiness becomes natural to us. To all who have thus apprehended Christ as their Redeemer it is said: "You may undertake this course of self-discipline for immortal holiness with a confident hope of success. The Gospel, with its means of grace, is set before you expressly for this end, that you may be persuaded and enabled and encouraged to exercise yourself now in the service of God, and so to train yourself for that higher and perfect service of God which will employ for ever the perfected spirits of the just. The discipline to which you are summoned is the discipline of duty, of voluntary subjection to the truth of holiness, of the service of God. Just that service of God to which you are called in this world—a service which you are to perform in the face of innumerable temptations, and which involves a perpetual conflict with whatever is perverse in your own habits and inclinations—that service of God in your own place and calling is itself the most material part of the discipline by which you are to be trained for a higher ministry hereafter. He who, whether he eats or drinks, or whatever he does, strives to do all to the glory of God; he who in any sphere of toil, from the loftiest to the lowliest, learns to do all things heartily to the Lord and not to men, is training himself effectually for immortal virtue.

"Subsidiary to this discipline of daily duty there are the various means of grace—prayer, reflection, watchfulness. By this you are to discipline and train your soul till you are always on your guard—incapable of surprise. Need I insist on the right use of times and seasons, and of all special opportunities, for cultivating those affections in which the soul has fellowship with God? Whenever anything occurs that quickens your religious sensibilities—anything that brings God, eternity, heaven, near to your thoughts and feelings—then is a time in which, if you will use the opportunity aright, you may effectually discipline your soul to godliness. And with all these, yet distinct from them all, there is that special intercourse with God which you may have in the devout and teachable study of His Word; there is the House of God; there is the fellowship of those who love God, and who walk by faith. You must be willing to know and condemn your own deficiencies; you must diligently endeavor to understand your errors and to escape from them. As under the eye of God, and with prayer for His illumination, you must search out your secret faults, confessing them to Him and forsaking them. You must purify your soul in obeying the truth through the spirit. So shall you grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Your soul shall be nourished with angels' food, the Word of God, and shall grow toward the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ!"

This view goes a step further than the preceding. It shows us more fully and clearly how God can be both just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus, and forces upon the heart the strongest motives and incitements to holiness. And yet like the preceding, and even along with the preceding, it is not sufficient. At first it seems all that is desirable. But in the course of the battle of life men find the insufficiency of all motives to make them holy. They are sorry that it is so. They are ashamed that it is so. A new truth or a new view of truth excites them for a while, but only for a while. The inadequacy of these views to secure holiness must be known to all who have long thus endeavored to lead a holy life. Many who do know this fear to acknowledge it, even to themselves, as they fully believe there is no other way. Many still keep hoping to succeed at last; if not in this way, in some way to which this will lead. Few who are trying it have the candor, and fewer still the introspective ability, to make such a statement of the defects of this theory as here follows, though its truth-likeness will be recognized by many who are living in similar bondage: "My conversion was very clear and unmistakable. After long years of legal striving,

in which I resorted in vain to every expedient my soul could devise for gaining the favor of God and the forgiveness of all my sins, I was taught to see my own utter helplessness in the matter, and to trust entirely and only to Christ to save me. I believed God's record concerning Him. I saw that He had shed His blood for me; and in His death I found all that I needed to reconcile me to God. I knew that I was born again; that I was a child of God, and an heir of a glorious inheritance; and never from that time have I doubted this. Never have I had a moment's fear about my acceptance with Him, or my present possession of eternal life.

"As time passed on, the Lord graciously led me into the knowledge of much truth. My guarded education had already separated me very much from the vain fashions and amusements of the world, and my chief interests were all centred around the religion of Jesus, as the only object really worthy of serious thought or attention. One after another the doctrines of the Bible were unfolded to my interested search. I saw how complete was my judicial standing in Christ, and my judicial completeness before God in Him. I apprehended my position in heavenly places, as risen with Christ and seated with Him there. The typical teaching of the Old Testament was a theme of earnest study and great enjoyment, and dispensational truth was familiar and deeply interesting to me. Many practical truths also shone out with clear brightness from the Scriptures, and I seldom hesitated to act up to any convictions of duty concerning these things.

"But notwithstanding all this my heart was ill at ease. That I grew in knowledge I could not deny, but neither could I deny that I did not grow in grace, and at the end of eight years of my Christian life I was forced to make the sorrowful admission that I had not even as much power over sin as when I was first converted. In the presence of temptation I found myself weakness itself. It was not my outward walk that caused me sorrow, though I can see now that this was far from what it ought to have been. But it was the sins of my heart that troubled me. Coldness, deadness, want of Christian love, intellectual apprehension of truth without any corresponding moral effects, roots of bitterness, want of a meek and quiet spirit, all those inward sins over which the children of God are so often forced to mourn. I could not but see that, although I was not under law but under grace, still sin had more or less dominion over me, and I felt that I did not come up to the Bible standard. The Christian life contemplated there was a life of victory and triumph; my life was one of failure and defeat. The commands there given to be holy, to be conformed to the image of Christ, to be blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke, seemed almost a mockery to me, so utterly impossible did I find it to attain to any such standard. For I made very earnest efforts after it. I was not satisfied nor happy. Even the continued knowledge, through all my failure, that God loved me, and that for the sake of His dear Son I was accepted by Him, only added to my burden; for to feel one's self a child, and yet be unable to act like a child, cannot but be a source of bitter sorrow. At times I went through agonies of conflict in my efforts to bring about a different state of things. I resolved, I prayed, I wrestled, I strove: I lashed myself up into the belief that all I held most dear in life could continue to be mine only as I attained to more faithfulness and devotedness of walk. When sickness came upon any one I loved, many were the vows recorded in the depths of my soul that, if God would but spare their lives, I would henceforth serve Him with all my heart. But all was vain, and it seemed even worse than vain. 'When I would do good, evil was present with me,' and I could see no hope of deliverance except in death, which, by destroying the 'body of sin' to which I was chained, would thus break the yoke of my bondage.

"At times some new discovery of the truth of God in the Bible would seem for a while to carry me above temptation, and to make me more than conqueror. And my heart would rejoice at the thought that now at last I had found the secret of living, and that henceforth my continued defeats would be changed into continued victories. But after a while, as the aspect of truth, in which I had been rejoicing, became familiar to me, I found, to my bitter sorrow, that it seemed to lose its power, and I was left as helpless as ever; only under deeper condemnation because of the increased responsibilities of increased knowledge.

"At times the belief forced itself upon me that all Christians were not like me; that the lives of some were full of a degree of devotedness and depth of communion to which I was a stranger; and I won-

dered what their secret could be. But supposing it could consist in nothing but their greater watchfulness and earnestness, I knew of no resource but to seek to redouble all my efforts, and to go through the same weary round of conflict and struggle again, only of course to meet with the same bitter defeat.

"Such was my life; and, in spite of much outward earnestness and devotedness, I felt it to be a failure. Often I said to myself that if this was all the gospel of Christ had for me, it was a bitterly disappointing thing. For though I never doubted the fact of my being a child of God, justified and forgiven, a possessor of eternal life, and an heir of a heavenly inheritance, still, when my heart condemned me—and this was almost continually—I could not have confidence toward God, and I was not happy. *Heaven itself seemed to lose its charm to the heart that was far off from God.*

"I began to long after holiness. I began to groan under the bondage to sin in which I was still held. My whole heart panted after entire conformity to the will of God, and unhindered communion with Him. I was almost ready to give up in despair."

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

(FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.)

LONDON, July 17, 1868.

THE weather has changed at last; thunder and lightning and heavy, pouring rain alternate with gleams of sunshine and soft vapory showers more penetrating and far more valuable, and we expect to hear soon from all parts of the country that the drought is over; not in time, however, to save the crops on the lighter soils, or to make the yield anything like what it promised to be six weeks ago. There is little news stirring. Mr. Longfellow is enduring the mingled hospitalities and persecutions which Anglo-Saxons reserve for distinguished strangers, and is trying to escape to Heidelberg. The dinner given to him on Thursday last by Mr. Bierstadt was very brilliant, Admiral Farragut, the Duke of Argyll, and a number of celebrities being present.

Sir Robert Napier, like a man of sense, avoided the Crystal Palace when the Duke of Edinburgh was there, and went another day and had a demonstration all to himself. He is to be made a peer, with the title of Baron Napier of Magdala; so there will be two Lord Napiers, which seems a little inconvenient. As a man always on these occasions chooses his own name, the fault, if there be one, rests with Lord Napier number two; but it is a little hard on Lord Napier number one.

The sparrows in the streets remind one of their emigrant brethren in Madison Square, and of our hopes and fears on their account last winter. Many simple-minded persons have been greatly interested to hear of their naturalization, but it was still more surprising to hear the other day that a tribe of *wild paroquettes*—little green fellows with red bills, the progeny, doubtless, of some escaped prisoners—had been discovered in Russell Square. The police have appointed a *commissionnaire* to feed and protect them; let us hope that he will be as successful as his exemplar in Madison Square.

Offenbach's *Grande Duckesse* has been played for a fortnight to very full houses, and there was the same rapture of applause on the part of those who went every night, and the same head-shaking on the part of those who didn't go at all, which we heard in New York; but those who have seen it in both places agree with me that it was not as well done here as by the Bateman troupe there. To begin with, a company hastily got together cannot elaborate and fill in a picture to the degree which a long run enabled the French artists to do in New York—and then each and every man was individually inferior. Fritz was less stupid, Boum less bombastic, Prince Paul less inane, and Puck and Grog brought less of that tremendous fatuity to which New York was accustomed to bear on their conspiracy. On the other hand, Mlle. Schneider has been truly described as a better singer than most actresses, and a better actress than most singers; her style of acting more resembles that of Mlle. Reillez than that of Mlle. Tostée, and her vivacity and apparent freedom from any restraint are quite wonderful. *La Belle Hélène* is announced for to-night.

The Dramatic College has just held its annual *fête*, which was as well attended as usual, but it is scarcely probable that another will be given. Most people are

acquainted with the machinery of fairs—the post-office, the grab-bag, the newspaper—and most of us have seen the "prominent citizen" of the locality speechifying, urging folk to buy, and finally "auctioning off" the unsalable articles. Actors, of course, do this sort of thing better than prominent citizens, throwing in the high spirits, and the love of fun for its own sake, which are among their unfailing characteristics. When to this was added the attraction of popular plays turned into burlesques and acted by those who usually took their parts *au sérieux*, it is no wonder that the *fêtes* were thronged. But such exhibitions are always disconcerted by the wiser actors, as being calculated to bring their profession into contempt. What physician opens his dissecting-room to the public? What painter exhibits his lay-figures? The actual ground of the popular and unreasonable prejudice against the drama is that it is false; that passion is counterfeited, and life and death simulated, and that the whole thing is a sham and a lie. It is equally a lie to paint a flat piece of canvas till it looks like a landscape ten miles square; but actors have only themselves to blame if they are despised when, as in *The Critic* of Sheridan and similar burlesques, they hold up to ridicule the essential conditions and limitations of dramatic art. It is very smart to say: "When people on the stage *do* agree their unanimity is wonderful;" but if there were no moments of complete assent how could the spectator ever understand the story? The present rage for burlesques is a bad symptom in society and a bad augury for the future of the dramatic art; and the actors will be wise if, as I am credibly informed, they have determined to cease, at least voluntarily, to cater for the taste in future. Some faint efforts have been made here this season to have day performances, both dramatic and musical, on the excellent system which is so happy in its effects in New York. Daylight, which affrights evil spirits, will probably banish many gibbering phantoms which scare the good from the temples of a noble art; and when the actor can go to his duties in the morning and return at night to his family like other men, there is no saying what social benefit both to performer and public that simple change may work.

There are few things more touching than the last appearance of an old actor. Mr. Paul Bedford, who has this season taken his farewell of the stage, for nearly forty years has held that position in the London theatres—neither among the first nor among the last—which, in the theatrical as in the real world, is probably the happiest because the most secure. With a bass voice of fine quality and enormous power, and a fair idea of singing, he sang such roaring staves as *Nix my Dolly* and *The Jolly Nose*, and was a splendid representative of the hardened ruffian who, when the villain of the piece repents or commits suicide, is jolly and unconcerned to the last, and then dies game. It was pleasant to see the old man standing, so to speak, among his professional descendants, pleasant to hear the audience cheer in response to a few words in the deep voice, and just as the curtain went down he said, almost *sotto voce*, "Farewell, my children." For upward of forty years he has looked on that sea of pleased faces, and like children they doubtless seem to him.

LETTER FROM MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

EDGARTOWN, July 27, 1868.

ANYBODY in whom a succession of seasons at the watering-places has created a desire to vary the old round, or any one who does not want to do through the summer the same things he has been doing all winter, may possibly thank your correspondent for the hints contained in his experience. The quest for something new had taken me to Narragansett, whose name suggested to my unenlightenment a sea-side elysium. In fact, it has what I believe to be the finest surf on the coast north of Cape Hatteras, and the bathing is greatly superior to that in the seaweed-soup which breaks on the thronged beach at Newport. But in other respects Narragansett holds to Newport much the same relation that flat champagne does to fresh, and starvation of every sort appeared so imminent that I was glad to take advantage of the first favorable wind—for no sane man who has once been dragged in the thoroughbrace stage of the region through the worse than Jersey sands that overlay the regular line of approach can be tempted to submit himself a second time to that experience—and, finding a fishing boat large enough to hold a trunk, I sailed across Narragansett Bay and got to Newport.

It was here that my good fortune provided an unknown guide, counsellor, and friend, who assured me

that the El Dorado I sought was none other than Martha's Vineyard. Most of your readers, no doubt, are acquainted—with the map—with the cluster of islands lying out at sea, as if it had been intended to make a land-locked bay by producing the Cape Cod peninsula to join Long Island, and only these sturdy islets had survived the ocean's assaults on the projected rampart against his encroachments. Many of them are probably aware how an old colonist possessing this small archipelago—Mayhew I think local tradition affirms his name to have been, possibly for the reason that there the Mayhews have that advantage of which elsewhere the Smiths have so remarkably borne to avail themselves—divided them among his three daughters, Elizabeth, Martha, and Nancy: how the first selected the range of the little Elizabeth Islands, which shelter New Bedford from the Atlantic and form the limit on the south and east of Buzzard's Bay: how the second preferred the largest of the group; while to the third there was left but Hobson's choice, and "Nan tuk it" (Nantucket). But at this point, I am persuaded, popular knowledge of the islands ends. Until I approached them quite closely I could find nobody who had ever seen them, and I found that my proposed incursion into this *terra incognita* was regarded as a temptation of Providence. There should be a saving limitation with respect to the throngs who attend the monster camp-meeting—but of that presently. At Edgartown, the remotest village on the island, visitors are fortunately still few—I doubt whether, barring the yachts that drop in every day or two, there have been a score during my stay here,—and any wandering dandy whom chance led hither would be soon aware of the propriety of concealing all his stores of elegant inutility.

I am not sure that I am doing any service to the yachtsmen and other *habitués* of the spot in disclosing to the public eye the existence of their place of refuge from fashion and conventional restraints. They are, to be sure, hospitable enough in their welcome of those who come to their quarters at "Norton's," which seems to be their regular summer home, and they will admit you to share their sport or put you in the way of finding your own with the utmost good nature. At the same time, they know quite well that an influx of visitors would be quickly followed by a stream of popularity and fashion that would spoil their retreat, as it has done others, and drive them forth in search of such fresh fields and pastures new as are nowhere else to be found in the same perfection within as easy reach of civilization. Even the camp-meeting, immense as its proportions have grown, has not spread to this side of the island, and one may still breakfast, dine, or sup, attired as his own sweet will shall direct; either as he would at his home or like the fishermen among whom he will spend most of his days.

This season the fishing is little short of miraculous. With a favoring wind, it has been no unusual thing for a boat with four lines to catch in one afternoon two hundred or two hundred and fifty blue-fish—magnificent fellows, that surpass in size the finest shad, and make it appear doubtful at times whether you are to haul them into the boat or they to pull you into the sea. So plentiful and voracious are they that one soon becomes ready to abandon the sport from the sheer fatigue of struggling with the sinewy creatures as they dart flashing from side to side in the wake of your boat, and flap and snap viciously when you attempt to handle them. But blue-fishing, of a sort, may be had nearer than at Martha's Vineyard; and although its supreme excellence here is such as to warrant the keen fisherman in coming hither to seek it, I am disposed to rest my claims—with such, at least, as desire amusement at once novel and exciting—upon the excellence of a branch of the craft attainable at no less distance. This is sharking, which is not, to be sure, precisely an amusement for ladies; while, seeing that for every shark caught his captors are thoroughly drenched, not only with the water lashed about by the furious monster but at times with his blood and battered flesh, it may be that even for the ruder sex a preliminary seasoning is requisite, during which callouses may form on the palms and fingers, and the face and hands attain somewhat of the bronzed hue and the impenetrability to the sun of his well-salted comrades. But the rather fierce excitement produced by the capture of the first shark will banish all delicacy or scruples of whatever sort, and only the end of the day or absolute weariness of slaughter will reconcile you to tripping the anchor and standing out for home. Sharking, it is true, is in bad odor among the fishermen, and for very good reasons—the rough nature of the conflict racks and batters their boats, stout as these are built to withstand the rough seas often

raised by the full sweep of the Atlantic; the whole affair is unprofessional and disorganizing; above all, the shark, when caught, is good only for manure, whereas blue-fish—for which New Yorkers give one or two dollars—are worth to the men whose business it is to catch them from six to twenty cents apiece. So it happened that our skipper preserved a very deprecating demeanor while he prepared his boat and his tackle, and conciliated public opinion by representing that any solecism in his conduct was due to his indulgence of his uninstructed passengers—quite in the manner of the father who goes to the circus wholly for the children's amusement, of course, yet with a sneaking fondness for it all on his own account. At all events, our skipper entered into it with quite as much zest as his crew, scarcely concealing the complacency with which he regarded our enthusiasm and surprise. The many of your readers who in retrospective moments lament that they can never more experience the sensation of reading *Ivanhoe* or *David Copperfield* for the first time, or of making the first visit to the theatre, may get consolation from the thought that, for shark-fishing, they have that pleasure in reserve.

I confess that in advance I was not sanguine. From experience elsewhere, I looked forward to sitting through a hot afternoon under a glaring sun, with the monotony relieved only by an occasional "bite," or at most by the capture of an infantile shark. So it was with some regret that I heard the announcement that we had caught enough of the blue-fish, which were to serve as bait, and that we were to come to an anchor and proceed to the business of the day. But scarcely were our lines overboard than there began "bites" very different from those of the bass or pickerel—the boat was jerked hither and thither, and we stood on her higher side to prevent the water from pouring over the gunwale. At first was hooked an immense fellow, twelve feet in length, who snapped at the line above the chain that joins it to the hook, and, taking his departure, left us with but two hooks. Thenceforth, however, the difficulty was to keep bait on these two. The sharks were voracious and savage, nibbling little and gulping much, and the bloody work scarcely intermitted long enough to get the second line into the water. First a rattle and a pull, and the boat quivered, then the skipper pulled the writhing creature to the surface, careful lest he should make his way, living, into the boat; then, with blows above his eyes from an oak club, and thrusts from a harpoon-like boat-hook forced down his throat—for the skin is impenetrable—the sinister monster, lashing and snapping, was despatched and drawn on board, sometimes not before his successor was claiming attention on the other hook, and never without apprehensions of the consequences of getting one's hands within reach of his six rows of shining teeth, or losing one's balance and plunging among his companions as they swarmed about our ground bait. In not more than three hours we had caught seven of the hideous creatures, varying from five to seven feet in length; and we desisted at last, partly from simple weariness, partly because our boat could endure no addition to its heavy and bulky load. Such is sharking, and at Martha's Vineyard, to quote Mr. Lincoln's encomium upon A. Ward's wax works, people who like that sort of thing will find just the sort of thing that sort of people will like.

Let me not make the impression that Martha's Vineyard affords amusement only to those who are willing to lapse into original savagery. In point of fact, I believe ours was the first sharking party of this season, and the sport is pretty strictly limited to outside barbarians. Nor are the sharks ubiquitous. To find them you must go to their own grounds; so there are beaches, with excellent surf too, where the bathing is as safe as at Long Branch or Newport, nothing more formidable than the little dog-shark ever approaching them. But bathing is not to us the luxury you would consider it. While—if I may judge from the New York papers, which reach us here two days old—you have for weeks been sweltering under a torrid sun, there has not been here an hour of uncomfortable heat. Indeed, with linen clothes one is chilly in the evening, and we have been sleeping under blankets. For visitors perhaps the greatest inducements are still in store. The fishing will not deteriorate, and toward the last of August begins the great annual camp-meeting of which so much has been said of late years. This is attended by vast numbers from all along the New England coast, the gathering averaging 20,000 and sometimes reaching 30,000 or 35,000 people. Something of the old tent-life still remains, but the camp-ground has become a very respectable village of well-furnished houses and

"hotels," whose owners lock them up and depart during the winter months. More houses, ready framed and with the parts numbered to be put together in a day, are constantly being brought over from New Bedford; and the sight, during the season, must be an interesting and singular one. But, as I have said, the camp is on the opposite side of the island from this little village and its effects scarcely extend to us, while it is easily accessible on foot or by carriage or, preferably, by boat.

Two generalizations by way of warning and I have done. The female population of this region is not interesting. Angular and possessed by a demon of unrest, and with strident voices and preternatural volubility, *le beau sexe* is unlovely alike to the eye and the ear. To this rule I have not been able to find a dozen exceptions. Second, there prevails here so strict a belief in the Maine liquor law that there exists not on the whole island even a glass of ale.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

EXAMINATIONS AT YALE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: A little recent personal observation has led me to think the annual examination of candidates for admission into our colleges is something strongly verging on "the humbug." For instance, Yale College.

Young men wishing to enter college are taken in hand by what may be called a committee of professors and tutors, who are directed to ascertain whether the applicants have made the requisite proficiency in the several branches of education designated by the rules of the institution; and if the applicants are found to be, in the judgement of the committee, *well up* in the prescribed studies, their admission is granted. There seems to be no objection to all that. The college must have a standard of qualification, in order that the admitted student may be able to proceed from that point of progress in the regular course of instruction adopted by the institution.

But this examination, being limited in time, though extended to a large number of applicants, is necessarily hurried and superficial. Comparatively but few minutes can be given to each branch of study. A few "snap" questions are put, and "snap" replies are expected. Besides, at the last examination at Yale some of the professors were *young* in years and experience, and they seemed disposed not to ascertain quietly how much the applicants knew, but to see whether they, the examiners, could "bring some of them," as Dogberry has it, "to a non-com.," in other words, whether they, the examiners, being quite cool and at their ease, and having their little programme deliberately prepared, could so far take advantage of the nervousness and diffidence of the anxious youths as to puzzle, embarrass, and utterly confuse them by unexpected questions; and then, having *made* them stumble, they take good care that the boys shall also fall—and be rejected. The theory of the examiners, in short, seems to be to *keep out* as many as they can; not considering how many hearts of parents and sons may be made to ache by the humiliation of rejection; nor considering that the majority of men and boys may be made, by the ingenuity of experts "in authority," to seem ignorant of what, in fact, they well understand and have sufficiently mastered; nor considering how easy it is to puzzle almost any man in a state of excitement in regard to a subject that he is as familiar with as are his persecutors.

These remarks are not speculative generalities. I know one of the recently rejected candidates. He has been studying with special reference to a college education for six years. He always pursued his studies voluntarily; he needed no urging; and through the six years his school record shows him to have been one of the best scholars of his class. He is, however, of a nervous temperament and a diffident disposition. He learned that the examination was made very sharp and rigorous, and that a great many applicants had been rejected. Early in his examination he encountered one of the *young* examiners, who *puzzled* him and did not in any way encourage him. The next comer was older and kinder. He saw that the boy was excited, commented on it, told him not to be discouraged, put the questions slowly, and the boy at once "rose to the surface" and passed that ordeal well. But those who took up the cudgels afterward managed to take the boy down again, and he was finally rejected.

Now, it would be very easy for the parties who secured this boy's rejection to say, magisterially, "the boy was not properly prepared;" and, doubtless, he was *not* "prepared" to answer their questions in the way they put them; but he might for all that have made sufficient real progress in his studies to have taken them up in his place and class in college and to pursue them creditably and acceptably. The fallacy of the whole process lies in the assumption that a young man's *actual status* in twenty branches of education can be ascertained by a few hurried questions in each department.

It is very well, as it is very common, to say that boys must get accustomed to the "rubs and botches" of life, etc., because this applies to things incidental and inevitable; but I have yet to learn that boys are the better or the wiser

for suffering humiliations arbitrarily and gratuitously put on them by the professors of a college.

Besides, there is very little satisfaction in reflecting on the difference between the past and the present system of examination at Yale. When the institution was younger, and in some need of students, the applicants had much less difficulty than they now have—now, when, by the benefactions of liberal men, the college is placed in a state of pecuniary independence. Probably those benefactors would have been less free in their donations had they foreseen that their sons or grandsons were to be snubbed in the same proportion as the salaries of the professors are increased.

As a proof that the case I cite is not a solitary, and therefore probably not a justifiable one, I will mention that there is a grammar-school in New Haven established for the purpose of preparing young men for Yale examinations; and that the scholars of that school are naturally expected to stand the trial of examination more successfully than boys educated elsewhere. Yet on this occasion nearly, and perhaps quite, one-third of those scholars yielded to the "course of sprouts" applied under the improved system, three of whom were notoriously among the best scholars of the school.

Would it not be well, in future, if the examiners of Yale were to show less anxiety to display their own smartness, and more disposition to discover what the applicants really know? Might they not try to illustrate an exception to the rule that when servants become masters they are apt to be the worst of tyrants?

So far as I can ascertain, nearly one-third of the applicants at this late examination were refused admission! Whether that was owing to want of qualification on the part of the students, or of fitness for office on the part of the examiners, the reader must judge. PHI!

[We are not in a position, even if we were at all called upon, to determine with what "Phi" justice alleges against Yale grievances which are proclaimed by somebody at every examination of every college whose examinations are more than mere ceremony. In the public interest it would evidently be a mistake to advocate a lowering of standards; but the case presented by our correspondent—in whose judgement we repose great confidence—is not a question of standards, but of the competence and fairness of examiners. It used to be the case that these examinations were—and were generally admitted, by those who underwent them, to be—fair tests of what the candidates knew, and were characterized by reasonable indulgence for the not unnatural nervousness which had usually disappeared before the examinations closed. Whether this has changed or not, there has certainly been no such change as our correspondent suggests—that the wealth of the college has turned the heads of its professors, a point on which we may refer him to the last report to the alumni or some citations we made from it a few weeks ago. The truth, we fancy, is, on the contrary, that the college has not the means to provide facilities for educating the numbers that apply for admission; and that, having determined the maximum that can be managed in the new class, the professors are impelled to select from those who present themselves enough of those who seem best up in their studies to supply the requisite number. To us this seems a more reasonable explanation than that of the inherent malevolence of the professorial mind.—ED. ROUND TABLE.]

GOOD NEWS AND MISS INGELOW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: A "Litera"-ry gentleman in your last issue finds fault with an article in *Good News* for its laudation of Jean Ingelow, and undertakes to disparage her verse by making other like it from the *critique* condemned! I have no desire to discuss the subject. Miss Ingelow's reputation is sufficiently attested both by the universally expressed admiration of the critics and by the sale of her books. But I desire to suggest that the very fact cited to disprove the merit of her writing effectually proves it. The effect of familiarity with her writings led her critic unwittingly to adopt her very poetic phraseology in his prose criticism. The same effect produced upon the mind of "Litera" enabled him to apprehend this resemblance, to correct its defects, and so to produce a poem as nearly like Miss Ingelow's as parodies and imitations are apt to be.

We all know what impression is made by the publication of a new poem which gives evidence of power. It may be objected to, disparaged, condemned; but if it excites and provokes parodies, this fact is at once accepted as an evidence of power. Witness the numerous imitations of *Hawthorne*, serious and burlesque, which must be generally remembered still. Witness the following effusion of a youth who had just read Byron for the first time, which may be "valued for its own sake!"

"Ye muses who, so oft invoked,
Assist the dreamy poet's mind;
By glowing metaphors provoked
To give him aid, first undesigned!
Ye who on Helicon did show
Your power to . . . and bring low
The fair of this fair earth,
Now bow your head, ye luckless maids,
And wail the power, in luckless hour,
That gave ye birth.

" Your aid I ask not nor desire ;
The fair of earth your powers surpass
Poetic fervor to inspire.
Now hide yourselves among the grass,
Luxuriant growing on the height
Of Pindus, your most sacred mount ;
Or drown in the Castalian fount
At once your sorrows and yourselves,
And no more look upon the light,
Ye soon-to-be-forgotten elves.

" A maiden speaks, and I obey :
A maiden, too, of this fair earth :
The muses have no more to say.
I sing upon the happy day
That gave the lovely Chloë birth,
And Chloë's self inspires the lay.

" I sing besides *felicitier*,
I only wish to use the word
To rhyme with one I've often heard,
Which makes the lovely Chloë smile,
And seem to be as pleased the while
As I would be could I but dare
To hope that e'er a maid so fair
Would blush at mention of my name,
Or smile so sweetly when I came
As she does when his step is heard
Whose name rhymes with the Latin word.
I sing the young solicitor.

" I sing besides *felicitier*.
(I hate, I'm sure, to use the Latin,
It seems as if a piece of wool
Were used to mend a hole in satin :
And he who used it was too dull
To sing a song *simpliciter*," etc., etc."

I submit that if Miss Ingelow's poetry produces effects on her critics, whether they be friendly or unfriendly, similar to the effects produced upon the minds of men by the greatest of the poets, this is not an argument against it, but for it.

It may be that the article in *Good News* is too eulogistic, but its errors, if they exist, have not been shown by "Litera." Quite the contrary.

NON SEQUITUR.

ERRATA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE :

SIR : I notice that in my last letter to your journal three or four typographical errors escaped the scrutiny of the proof-reader; to only one or two of which, however, will I now direct attention.

For "I know that would require the faculties of a GOD" read "to know that, would require," etc.

For "with a crowd of spirits at their back" read "at their beck," but I am not certain that *that* is not an improvement on the copy.

The very infrequency of these *errata* in the handsome pages of *The Round Table* renders their correction, whenever they do occur, doubly necessary; as otherwise they would very naturally be attributed to the wrong source.

I remain, etc., etc., J. CAGIN.
MOBILE, Ala., July 24, 1868.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

THE MYTHS OF THE NEW WORLD.*

RELIGION and Science are seldom mentioned together without calling up ideas of contrast, opposition, antithesis. It is usually taken for granted that each of the two has a separate domain into which the other cannot enter with impunity; religion will suffer if it condescends to parley with science; science will belie its first principle if it accepts a single tenet from religion. Attempts, it is true, have been made to effect a conciliation, or at least a truce, between the two adversaries, but hitherto with anything but success; and so religion and science remain at open warfare.

In Europe there was a time when the advantage in the contest was all on the side of religion—when science was almost crushed out of existence, and reason, the faculty whose exercise it demands, strangled in the grasp of inexorable belief. To-day this relation is very much changed. Science is now the aggressor, while religion holds itself within its entrenchments, glad if it can preserve its ancient strongholds or even the shadows of them. Wherever knowledge and belief come into collision the victory is in all cases on the side of the former. Much holy-water is now saved by the use of lightning-rods and disinfectants. However, it is only to those who hold superficial views of religion and science that victory for either side would seem a consummation to be wished for. There have been times when wars of extermination were waged, conquering peoples exulting wildly in the total destruction of their vanquished enemies. These were barbarous times, which for a large portion of the world have passed away for ever. The policy of extermination was a most super-

ficial one, possible only in days when men had not yet learnt that "in the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim." No less superficial is the view which holds either that science, in order to prosper, must uproot religion, or else that religion must be allowed to assign to science its legitimate bounds.

There are no bounds to science which in time it may not pass. It is never impious to know; it is never impious to desire to know. The feeling of veneration, however admirable in itself, never should be, and, in the end, never is, allowed to prevent the mind from striving to fathom all mysteries. Belief—positive belief—is good, where knowledge cannot be attained; but who will say that to know is not better than to believe? This is the high position that science takes in the most truly scientific minds. There is indeed a science, still in the barbarous stage, "herding with narrow foreheads," climbing, diving, and grubbing after nuts and beetles, which whoops loudly for extermination; of that let us speak with all charity, and not despise the day of small things. Such science, all the while it is howling for absolute empire, is assiduously limiting, narrowing, and cramping itself. All that is belongs unquestionably to the actual or possible domain of science; but although religion is—is one of the most prominent facts within the sphere of human observation hitherto—this pseudo-science has the cowardice to stand aloof from it, and merely call upon it to commit suicide for the benefit of its hostile neighbor. But there is a loftier science, calm, clear-sighted, and humane—a science which holds no fellowship with the genius of destruction. It claims religion as part of its domain; it holds nothing alien to it.

The science of religion, closely connected as it is with the science of language, though of very recent birth, has already assumed considerable proportions. Comparative grammar, comparative mythology, comparative religion are at this hour doing more for the progress of intellect than any other branches of science whatever. It is as a contribution to these that Mr Brinton's *Myths of the New World* has been written, and it is, let us say at once, a very valuable contribution. It supplies information where information was most needed, and does so in a form at once scientific and interesting. The work is divided into chapters, each of which can be read separately and almost without reference to the others; at the same time there is plan in the work, and he who reads it through will have a pretty connected idea of the mythology of the red race.

An English critic once said in reference to Sainte-Beuve that his mental furniture consisted of a series of well-arranged doubts. This, which was said with an exclamation of horror, was an exaggeration, but not altogether an untruth. Sainte-Beuve, it is now generally admitted, is the best of living critics; but distinction as a critic is attended with some inconveniences. The first qualities of a critic are many-sidedness and the absence of personal predilections. But without a good deal of one-sidedness, and, to speak the truth in plain terms, a good deal of prejudice, there is generally very little fire or enthusiasm. Wise indifference is the characteristic of the wise, and few there be that reach it. This indifference partakes somewhat of the nature of doubt—of vague, undefined but reprobate doubt, mingled with an equally vague and restful faith. In the sense here indicated it may be said with justice, and to the credit of Sainte-Beuve, that his mind is furnished with only a series of well-arranged doubts. The more earnestly one seeks to arrive at a positive knowledge of the truth, the sooner and more certainly will he come to the conclusion that all knowledge is of the nature of belief, and that what men think they know beyond dispute they merely believe on grounds which, lying in the constitutions of their minds, they are not conscious of. Character more often determines conviction than conviction character. It is not here meant to be asserted that there is no absolute truth, or that absolute truth is unattainable; far from it. Notwithstanding, it remains true that few minds do attain it, and that these can be judged legitimately only by their peers. Perhaps no man save Shakespeare could ever worthily have criticised Aeschylus. To the great mass of men and of men's works no absolute standard can with justice be applied. They must be judged from the standard which they themselves set up, and praised or condemned in proportion as they adhere to or depart from it. It is, therefore, the duty of the critic, if he would not condemn all but the merest handful of human beings and things, and even although he has really reached an absolute standard, to begin every criticism

* *The Myths of the New World: A Treatise on the Symbolism and Mythology of the Red Race of America.* By Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., M.D., etc., etc. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1868.

by putting himself in possession of the standard which the object under consideration implies in the last analysis. Thus only will his criticisms be just. If a book, for example, is written in defence of materialism, it is no criticism to say that the work is materialistic in its tendencies. It must be shown that materialism is inconsistent with itself and falls by its own canons, for it is impossible to construct a false system which shall be logically perfect.

Some time ago, Mr. Brinton in a short article entitled *The Metaphysics of Materialism*, printed in *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, gave proof that his mind was of the order eminently fitted for criticism. He showed that he could state clearly the two sides of a knotty question, and, in the absence of grounds for arriving at a definite conclusion, suspend his judgement. He evidently believes that half way to a whole truth is better than whole way to a half one. Indeed, this disposition of mind, which cannot be too highly commended, is the principal charm of his *Myths of the New World*. Setting out without any preconceived notions of what the red race must have thought and believed, he proceeds to examine the facts, and thence to draw conclusions as coherent as possible. He says, page 3:

"These considerations embolden me to approach with some confidence even the aboriginal religions of America, so often stigmatized as incoherent fetichisms, so barren, in grand or beautiful creations. The task bristles with difficulties. Carelessness, prepossessions, and ignorance have disfigured them with false colors and foreign additions without number. The first maxim, therefore, must be to sift and scrutinize authorities, and to reject whatever betrays the plastic hand of the European. For the religions developed by the red race, not those mixed creeds learned from so reign invaders, are to be the subjects of our study. Then will remain the formidable undertaking of reducing the authentic materials thus obtained to system and order, and this not by any preconceived theory of what they ought to conform to, but learning from them the very laws of religious growth they illustrate. The historian traces the birth of arts, science, and government to man's dependence on nature and his fellows for the means of self-preservation. Not that man receives these endowments from without, but that the stern step-mother, Nature, forces him by threats and stripes to develop his own inherent faculties. So with religion. The idea of God does not, and cannot, proceed from the external world, but, nevertheless, it finds its historical origin also in the desperate struggle for life, in the satisfaction of the animal wants and passions, in those vulgar aims and motives which possessed the mind of the primitive man to the exclusion of everything else."

"There is an ever-present embarrassment in such inquiries. In dealing with these matters beyond the cognizance of the senses the mind is forced to express its meaning in terms transferred from sensuous perceptions, or under symbols borrowed from the material world. These transfers must be understood, these symbols explained, before the real meaning of a myth can be reached."

This is excellent. This is the true spirit in which a critic ought to investigate the mythology of any race or people; it is the spirit in which every investigation ought to be conducted. First let us have the facts, every one of them, as far as they are attainable; then let a method suggested by these facts themselves be applied, and the resulting conclusions, whatever they may be, held strictly. There is a class of critics and historians who reverse this process exactly. Beginning with a conclusion, they find a method enabling them to seem to draw it from facts, these facts being at best but a meagre selection from the complete list attained or attainable. Such men's works have an air of depth and comprehensiveness which startles and sometimes overwhelms the superficial reader; whereas, if they are scrutinized closely they will be found eminently false and misleading. No better example of this kind of jugglery could be found than Hegel's *Philosophy of History*, a work whose pretentiousness stands in ludicrous contrast to its real value. Mr. Brinton does not belong at all to the Hegelian school of critics and historians, or, indeed, to any particular school at all. To him facts are facts, which must be dealt with according to circumstances, not according to any arbitrary rule or *avrod ktha*. His method inspires a confidence which, in the progress of the work, is seldom belied.

"The soul of man is widening toward the past," writes George Eliot. But as the soul of man widens the past itself widens and lengthens out till it dips the edges of its horizon in the darkness of illimitability. Behind the short period of time which history embraces there lies a boundless expanse of time wherein thought finds hardly even an olive branch, much less a foothold. Dim, fathomless, in some sense sublime, it must have seen many occurrences which we can never know, but at best only conjecture about. Even the origin of our race, the manner and time at which it appeared on our globe, are still matters of guesswork. How long it took the most gifted of the human race to reach that condition in which we find them at the dawn of history we cannot tell, any more than we can tell how low or how high the original type was. Standing, however, on the verge of history and looking into the past beyond, we can see confused fragments of what must once have been a coherent whole. Fables that bewilder us, names that perplex us, events that wonderfully resemble history, all jum-

bled together in an inextricable maze, only excite our curiosity without satisfying it. The driftwood on the shores of history tells us that humanity was old when the *terra firma* of history rose.

One of the seven wonders of the ancient world was the tomb of Mausolus at Halicarnassus. In the middle ages vandalism ground down its glorious sculptures to make sand for mortar, and all that now remains of it is a few insignificant fragments. By means of these, coupled with a passage from an ancient author, and a comparison of other ancient tombs, Sir James Ferguson and others have attempted to reconstruct the plan of the famous monument. It is only by a similar process that the past of humanity can be reconstructed. Its fragments are its fables and names, its authentic history its monuments and weapons of stone; the results derived from these must be supplemented by a comparison with the condition and productions of those peoples which perished ere their history began, because civilization came to them from without and not from within. Among these are the tribes of America; their mythology and productions add an important page to the history of humanity.

A century ago the gap that seemed to divide the savage from the earliest of civilized men known looked impassable. The builders of the pyramids looked like gods compared with the creatures who, as Heine says—

" . . . kauern um's Feuer und backen
Sich Fisch', und quälen und schrein'."

or whose degradation even Homer was advanced enough to feel and depict vividly (*Odyss.* IX, 106, sq.) People once looked with as much indignant contempt upon the idea that civilization rose out of savagery as they now do upon the theory which makes man a descendant of the gorilla or chimpanzee. Whatever may be the fate of this theory, it is certain that all recent historical and anthropological discoveries have gone to favor the idea of human unity, and to demonstrate that the race goes from imperfection to perfection, and not the opposite way. Above all others the tribes of America, with their various degrees of civilization, supply the missing links between savagery and Egyptianism. From the Root Diggers and Comanches, who have been said to be "nearer the brutes than probably any other portion of the human race on the face of the globe," up to the Aztecs, "who founded the empire of Anahuac, and raised architectural monuments rivaling the most famous structures of the ancient world," there is an insensible gradation; so that when by a short step we pass from the Aztecs to the Egyptians the scale of progress is complete. And this suggests a painful thought, similar to that which we have in looking at a broken column in a graveyard. Here, among the red race, were the elements of a civilization which in a few thousand years—what is time?—might, if left to itself, have rivalled or even exceeded that of the Old World. "Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?" They still live in the works they accomplished for humanity; the fruit of their labors goes on increasing. But what of the red race? A few mounds, temples, and monuments, many sad tales of oppression and cruelty, a few names of rivers and mountains, a page to add to the history of civilization, and Juarez—these are all that it bequeaths to us and the future. Could it have lived only to die, and so give the lie to those who affirm that the individual lives merely for the race? If races perish, what of individuals? Perhaps it may be true of races as of men, that *ov oī θεοī φιλούσης ιποβρύσκει νέος*.

In itself the mythology of the red race possesses little grandeur or interest; its value consists in its throwing light upon other mythologies, those, namely of the races which seem destined to possess the world. Much that in Greek and even Hindoo mythology has crystallized into personifications is in the American still fluid and decomposable, yielding to analysis the elements which went to form the gods of polytheism. It is needless to say that the results go to uphold the natural phenomena theory of the Creutzer and Müller school of mythologists, and utterly to refute the hero-worship crudities of Carlyle. As in India, as in Greece, as in Scandinavia, so in America, the great gods are the light, the sky, and the wind; the whole of the religion is a nature-worship. In such a worship power is the chief object of adoration; moral ideas are completely absent; there is no good spirit, no evil spirit, no devil. As Mr. Brinton says:

"The cruel gods of death, disease, and danger were never of Satanic nature, while the kindest divinities were disposed to punish, and that severely, any neglect of their ceremonies. Moral dualism can only arise (*sic!*) in minds where the ideas of good and evil are not synonymous with those of pleasure and pain, for the conception of a wholly good or wholly evil nature requires the use of these terms in their higher, ethical sense."

The various deities of the Indians, it may safely be said in conclusion, present no stronger antithesis in this respect than those of ancient Greece and Rome."

After stating the general character of Indian divinities and Indian worship, Mr. Brinton proceeds to explain the most common symbols of the red race (chap. iii.-v. incl.) The first of these is the sacred number, four, which appears everywhere in their government, arts, rites, and myths, and which gave origin to the sign of the cross and the symbolic value of the number *forty*. The origin of four as the sacred number is to be found in the cardinal points of the compass, and is of easy explanation:

"The assumption of precisely four cardinal points is not of chance; it is recognized in every language; it is rendered essential to the anatomical structure of the body; it is derived from the immutable laws of the universe. Whether we gaze at the sunset or the sunrise, or whether at night we look for guidance to the only star of the twinkling thousands that is constant in its place, the anterior and posterior planes of our bodies, our right hands and our left, coincide with the parallels and meridians. Very early in his history did man take note of these four points, and, recognizing in them his guides through the night and the wilderness, call them his gods."

When the points of the compass acquire names, and these are given to the winds that come from these points, we are on a fair way to a quaternion of gods. The invisible winds are mighty things, terrible in their mad career to even the wisest of men. Fear and worship are the same thing in savage bosoms; force is the object of both. It is a long process whereby worship ascends from fear to love, which casteth out fear—from that which utterly sundered to that which identifies. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Most true; but it is by no means the end of it.

It would be interesting to accompany Mr. Brinton through all the institutions and myths into which the number four enters, if space allowed; we must content ourselves with citing some of his remarks on the origin of the symbol of the cross:

"The symbol that beyond all others has fascinated the human mind, the cross, finds here its source and meaning. Scholars have pointed out its sacredness in many religions, and have reverently accepted it as a mystery, or offered scores of conflicting and often debasing interpretations. It is but another symbol of the four cardinal points, the four winds of heaven. This will luminously appear by a study of its use and meaning in America."

"The Catholic missionaries found it was no new object of adoration to the red race, and were in doubt whether to ascribe the fact to the pious labors of Saint Thomas or the sacrilegious subtlety of Satan. It was the central object in the great temple of Cozumel, and is still preserved on the bas-reliefs of the ruined city of Palenque. From time immemorial it had received the prayers and sacrifices of the Aztecs and Toltecs, and it was suspended as an august emblem from the walls of temples and in Popayan and Cundinamarca. In the Mexican tongue it bore the significant and worthy name 'Tree of Our Life,' or 'Tree of Our Flesh' (*Tonacacauhuitl*). It represented the god of rains and of health, and this was everywhere its simple meaning. 'Those of Yucatan,' say the chroniclers, 'prayed to the cross as the god of rains, when they needed water.' The Aztec goddess of rains bore one in her hand, and at the feast celebrated to her honor in the early spring victims were nailed to a cross and shot with arrows."

"As the emblem of the winds who dispense the fertilizing showers it is emphatically the tree of our life, our subsistence, and our health. It never had any other meaning in America, and if, as has been said, the tombs of the Mexicans were cruciform, it was perhaps with reference to a resurrection and a future life as portrayed under this symbol, indicating that the buried body would rise by the action of the four spirits of the world, as the buried seed takes on a new existence when watered by the vernal showers. It frequently recurs in the ancient Egyptian writings, where it is interpreted *life*; doubtless, could we trace the hieroglyph to its source, it would likewise prove to be derived from the four winds."

We should be inclined to dispute this last statement, but pass on. Mr. Brinton's explanations of the bird and serpent symbols, though in some parts very ingenious, form the least satisfactory portion of his work. They remind one strongly of the mediæval Bestiaries, one of which the curious may find easy access to in Mätzner's recently published and very valuable *Altenglische Sprachproben*, 1er Theil. So manifold are the things which might be symbolized or typified by the bird and the serpent that we are not surprised to find Mr. Brinton failing to make an exhaustive list of them from which it would be possible to generalize. We must quote one sentence, which we believe to be entirely true. The author says, speaking of the serpent:

"After going over the whole ground, I am convinced that none of the tribes of the red race attached to this symbol any ethical significance whatever, and that as employed to express atmospheric phenomena, and the recognition of divinity in natural occurrences, it far more frequently typified what was favorable and agreeable than the reverse."

From the symbolism of the red race we pass (chap. v.-x. incl.) to its mythology, which Mr. Brinton arranges somewhat in the style of Hesiod's *Theogony*. Water he finds to be, according to the Indians, the source of all things. He is wrong, however, when he says:

"With a nearly unanimous voice mythologies assign the priority to water. It was the first of all things, the parent of all things. Even the gods themselves were born of water, said the Greeks [?] and the Aztecs. Cosmogonies reach no further than the primeval ocean that rolled its shoreless waves through a timeless night."

"*Omnia pontus erant, dearent quoque littora ponto.*"

Mr. Brinton, who, we are sure, has read Hesiod, the *Voluspa*, and the one hundred and thirty-seventh hymn of the tenth book of the *Rig-Veda*, knows as well as anybody that water is not held as the primal

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element in any ancient Aryan cosmogony as far as we know it. Moreover, we hardly think that the hylozoism of Thalès was a return to an ancient dogma. It is, however, apparently true that, in the ideas of the red race, water was the primal element; but this fact constitutes not, as Mr. Brinton supposes, a point of resemblance, but rather a point of contrast between the ideas of the Old and the New Worlds. After mentioning some of the ceremonial uses to which water was put by the Indians, among which is the rite of baptism, our author proceeds to find a connection between the moist element and the moon. He says:

"As the Moon is associated with the dampness and dew of night, an ancient and widespread myth identified her with the Goddess of Water." . . . "Isis, her Egyptian title, literally means moisture; Ataensic, whom the Hurons said was the moon, is derived from the word for water; and Citali and Atl, moon and water, are constantly confounded in Aztec theology." . . . "As representing water, the universal mother, the moon was the protectress of women in childbirth, the goddess of love and babes, the patroness of marriage."

Under another aspect the moon appears as the goddess of destruction, of sickness, and of evil dreams. We hardly think Mr. Brinton justified in assuming, on such slight evidence as he has produced, that the moon's connection with water was the reason why she was regarded as the goddess of birth and of destruction. The moon was the first measure of time; she presided over that which works alike birth and destruction; she was the parent and destroyer of all. This is, at least, a more obvious, if not a more correct, explanation than the other. The symbol for the moon was a dog, a connection to which no key has hitherto been found. Mr. Brinton says:

"Dogs were supposed to stand in some peculiar relation to the moon, probably because they howl at it and run at night, uncanny practices which have cost them dear in reputation."

Many myths relating to the sun and to natural phenomena we must pass over—some of them highly interesting both in themselves and as related to similar myths of other peoples. Especially interesting, however, are those relating to the supreme gods of the red race—Michabó, Ioskeha, Viracocha, Quetzalcoatl, etc.—inasmuch as they confirm strikingly the results arrived at by European scholars in reference to Aryan mythology, viz., that the supreme gods are personifications of light. "GOD is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." What is more godlike, in its reposeful might, than the power which noiselessly enters our sky-domed pavilion through a triumphal arch of intolerable glory, passes over the earth like joy over the heart of man, and passes again in silence through the gorgeous gates which the Occident rears for it each day at its departure? There have been many disputes about the meaning of Goethe's last words. Could it have been that, in that supreme hour, he arrived at the point where

"appresso se al suo disire
Nostro intelletto si profonda tanto,
Che retro la memoria non può ire,"

and said *more light*, when he meant *more God*?

To the general reader, not particularly devoted to the science of mythology, the most interesting portions of Mr. Brinton's work will be those relating to the Indian prophecies and hopes of a redeemer, the myths of the creation, the deluge, and the last day. Of the flood myths we must give one example:

"And this year was that of Ce-calli, and on the first day all was lost. The mountain itself was submerged in the water, and the water remained tranquil for fifty-two springs. Now, toward the close of the year Titlacahuan had forewarned the man named Nata and his wife named Nena, saying, 'Make no more pulque, but straightway hollow out a large cypress, and enter it when in the month Tozoztli the water shall approach the sky.' They entered it, and when Titlacahuan had closed the door he said, 'Thou shalt eat but a single ear of maize, and the wife but one also.' As soon as they had finished [eating], they went forth and the water was tranquil; for the log did not move any more: and opening it they saw many fish. Then they built a fire, rubbing together pieces of wood, and they roasted the fish. The gods Cittallinicus and Cittallatonic looking below exclaimed, 'Divine Lord, what means that fire below? Why do they thus smoke the heavens?' Straightway descended Titlacahuan Texcalipocas, and commenced to scold, saying, 'What is this fire doing here?' And seizing the fishes he moulded their hinder parts and changed their heads, and they were at once transformed into dogs."

Passing over the chapter on *The Origin of Man* we come to the one *On the Soul and its Destiny*, of which that most exquisite of all Schiller's poems, the *Nadowessische Todtenklage*, might be taken as a perfect epitome. Than this nothing could better bring out what seems to have been the true Indian feeling with regard to death and the future life. No idea of reward or punishment in another state; no thought of incomprehensible supersensual life troubled the equanimity of the red man in the presence of death. His only thoughts were of the happy hunting-ground and the long way thither. How should ideas of reward or punishment exist among peoples whose language hardly contained words corresponding to the ideas of good and evil? There would seem to be some ground for affirming that certain of the Indian tribes held a sort of doctrine of metempsychosis; it

is certain that they believed in either the divisibility or the plurality of the soul. Having a notion that a portion of the soul remained after death in the bones, they either mummified the body by drying it over a slow fire or else preserved the bones alone. One more point of resemblance between America and Egypt! How long would it have taken the Aztecs to make it the aim of their lives to be well buried, and in consequence to rear pyramids?

A consideration of the native Indian priesthood, and the powers which its members claimed for themselves, leads Mr. Brinton to consider the subjects of clairvoyance and mesmerism, which he does with laudable moderation. Allowing all room for jugglery and deceit in the production of these phenomena, he feels himself constrained to admit that there may be something in them after all. Be this as it may, the author has taken the true scientific ground—accepting facts which seem properly authenticated, and yet hesitating to rush to any conclusion respecting them. In view of what is now happening, or said to happen everywhere around us, we may well pause before committing ourselves to an opinion upon obscure matters like these. In regard to the priests themselves, they seem to have very much resembled their brethren all the world over, fond of mystery, display, power, and consideration, lazy to a degree, and using a barbarous esoteric jargon. It is interesting to learn that

"In ancient Anahuac the prelacy was as systematic and its rules as well defined as in the Church of Rome. Except those in the service of Huitzilopochtil, and perhaps a few other gods, none obtained the priestly office by right of descent, but were dedicated to it from early childhood. Their education was completed at the *Calmecac*, a sort of ecclesiastical college, where instruction was given in all the wisdom of the ancients and the esoteric lore of their craft. . . . Implicit subordination of all to the high priest of Huitzilopochtil, hereditary *pontifex maximus*, chastity, or at least a temperate indulgence in pleasure, gravity of carriage, and strict attention to duty, were laws laid upon all."

The eleventh and last chapter of Mr. Brinton's work treats of the influence of native religions, which he considers in the main to be good, notwithstanding that many of their traits are revolting in the extreme. He correctly finds in them the origin of letters and of art in all its forms. Some of the Indian prayers which he quotes put one sadly in mind of the terms in which the English Church is authorized to pray for its sovereign. Here is a specimen which would do honor to a psalmist:

"Great Quahootze, let me live, not be sick, find the enemy, not fear him, find him asleep, and kill a great many of him."

Such prayers, however heartfelt, would not, we think, be very elevating in their influence; however, the Indians had prayers of a loftier nature than this.

Such is a *résumé*, though an exceedingly imperfect one, of the contents of *The Myths of the New World*. We hope we have said enough to excite curiosity without gratifying it. We recommend this book with confidence to all persons interested in mythology, the Indians, Indian literature and monuments, spiritualism, and the true and marvellous generally. Before leaving it, however, we must make one protest. Mr. Brinton can write elegantly when he likes, and he must know when he writes ungrammatical or awkward sentences. To what, then, but pure slovenliness are such expressions as the following attributable? "They aimed . . . to express the sound absolutely like our phonographic signs do" (p. 13); "The sense of personality and the voice of conscience . . . can only be explained," etc., et sic passim (p. 43); "in both the *Old and New World*," etc. (p. 91). "Except these, none—without, it may be, the victims sacrificed to the gods, . . . were deemed worthy," etc. (p. 246, etc., etc.) The following are specimens of awkward sentences: "Not a drop of blood was spilled, and the body burned" (p. 105). "Not only does the life of man but his well-being depends on water" (p. 125). We should hardly have expected Mr. Brinton to countenance such spelling as *journies*, or to be ignorant that the phrase à l'outrance (p. 277) is bad French for *d'outrance*, notwithstanding newspaper authority. These, however, are small defects, and in no way prevent us from cordially thanking Mr. Brinton for his valuable contribution to science made in *The Myths of the New World*, and the essay on *The Abbé Brasseur and his Labors*, which appeared in an early number of *Lippincott's Magazine*.

LIBRARY TABLE.

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY, with other Ballads.
Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 1868.—This brochure cannot add to Mr. Leland's reputation as one of our first German scholars, but it shows an immense amount of cleverness in using his knowledge. Moreover, though the idea was obvious enough—especially now it is carried out—it is yet, so far as we know, original with Mr. Leland in a peculiar way. Not that ballads or poems in broken

German have not been made before; but the originality lies in making a decently good one, in which respect these of Mr. Leland's are a novelty of the first order. And they certainly are good—in one sense too good to be entirely appreciated. Only those who speak German can value aright the admirable judgement of the author in handling the two languages. The great difficulty is not to let either preponderate unduly. In this respect—as *mélanges*—we do not see how they could possibly be better. Their other strong point is the capital selection of the German idioms, and above everything the naturalness with which they are introduced just where a Deutscher would find his English giving out. Nothing but experience of the peculiar dialect of Germans learning English could supply the knowledge requisite to this, and even then it takes no little talent to turn it to such account. For outside the dialect there is a rich vein of good breezy fun. We think the most of them would bear the bitter test of being done into English. How could any one spoil this, for example, in any tongue:

"Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
Where ih dat barty now?
Where ih de lofely golden cloud
Dat float on de moundain's prow?
Where ih de himmelstrahlende Stern—
De shtar of de shpirt's light?
All goned aley mit de Lager Beer,
Afay in de Ewigkeit!"

There never was a better hit on the intense metaphysical sentimentalism of young Germany. It is moonlight and lager beer in equal portions. It is genuine fun, and is only the most familiar of a dozen examples everywhere.

There is so little to find fault with in these ballads that our space is better and more justly employed with the merits. Almost all are funny, only one—*Die schöne Wittwe*—being poor, or much below the mark; and in some are passages of real merit. The description of the fight at the ford in *Breitmann as a Bummer* is really stirring and spirited through *patois* and all. The whole ballad is one of the very best, and contains several good samples of Mr. Leland's humorous turn, of which we cite one, from the part where the redoubtably Breitmann, escaped from captivity, rejoins his men in the capacity of a ghost.

"Boot Itzig of Frankfort he lift oop his nose,
Und be-märk dat de shpook hat peen changin' his clothes,
For he seemed like an Generalissimus drest
In a vamin new coat und magnificent vest.
Six bistols beschlagen mit silber he wore,
Und a gold-mounted sword like an Kaiser he bore,
Und veinks dats the ghosdt—or votever he be—
Moost hafe broken some panks on his way to de sea."

Very good, too, is the Solomon-like experiment by which Breitmann identifies his long-lost "filial kin." The German throughout the verse is beyond all praise—just the words and just enough of them:

"How stately rode der Breitmann oop!—how lordly he kit down!
How glorious from de great *Pokal* he drink de bier so prawn!
But der Yunger bick der parrel opp und schwig him all at one,
Bei Gott! dat settles all dis dings—I know dou art mein son!"

The last extract we shall give is the end and redeeming point in an otherwise mediocre poem, *Breitmann in Kansas*, and we must leave it to our German-English friends to decide between it and the first passage cited. The italics are ours:

"Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
Troo all dis earthly land,
A vorkin out life's mission here
Soobeytify und grand.
Some beoblesh runs de beautiful,
Some works philosophie:
Der Breitmann sofe in infinite
Ash von eternal shpree!"

We think Mr. Leland has struck the right keynote in keeping to Hans Breitmann as a main figure; only he must use more judgement in not writing any more about him till he can devise some really comical and suggestive situations. This he has not always done, and the result is that only the excellence of the character of H. B. saves one or two of the later ballads from being failures. There is no need of any falling off. Mr. Lowell with his Hosca Biglow has shown us how long a thing of this sort can be kept up; let Mr. Leland take example by him. Breitmann is not nearly run out; his views on politics alone—if Mr. Leland will only be faithful enough to make him talk his own ideas instead of Mr. Leland's—ought to make several ballads more. Let us hear what he thinks—"soobeytify."

There is but one ballad beside the Hans Breitmann series It is the only one Mr. Leland has given us since the song of the *Schaurige Mähre* of the terrible Heinrich von Stein, and is so perfect of its kind that we shall close our cursory remarks with it; only begging, *pour prendre congé*, of Mr. Leland, as Virgil would were he living, to keep on with his new virtue like a good boy, and so become a star—a German star in an English orbit.

"Der noble Ritter Hugo
Von Schwiliensauenstein
Rode mit shpeer und helmet,
Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine."

"Und oop dere rose a meer maid
Vot hadn't got nodings on,
Und she say, 'Oh! Ritter Hugo,
Where you goes mit yourself alone?"

"And he says, 'I rides in de greenwood,
Mit helmet und mit shpeer
Till I cooms into ein Gasthaus,
Und dere I trunks some beer.'

"Und den outshpoke de maiden
Vot hadn't got nodings on:

"I tont dink mooch of beoplesh
Dat goes mit demselfs alone.
" You'd pletter coom down in de wasser,
Vere dere's heaps of dings to see,
Und hafe a shplendid tinner,
Und dratf along mit me.
" Dere you see de fisch a schwimmin,
Und you catches dem ebery one:-
So sang dis wasser maiden
Vot hadn't got nodings on.
" Dere ish drunks all full mit money
In ships dat went down of old;
Und you helpah yourself, by dunder!
To shimmerin crowns of gold.
" Shoost look at dese spoons und vatchies!
Shoost see dese diamant rings!
Coom down und full your bockeys
Und I'll giss you like avery dings.
" Vot you vanish mit your schnapps und lager?
Coom down into der Rhine!
Der ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne
Vonice filled mit gold-red vine!"
" Dat fetched him, he shtood all shpell-pound;
She pooled his coat-tails down,
She drawed him onder der wasser,
De maiden mit nodings on."

I. The Rebellion Record: A Diary of American Events, With Documents, Narratives, Illustrative Incidents, Poetry, etc. Edited by Frank Moore. Part lxxii. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1868.—II. Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion. By Alfred H. Guernsey and Henry M. Alden. Parts xxxiii.—xxxv. New York: Harper & Bros. 1868.—With these instalments are completed two of the most important contributions to our war history, in their several ways, that are likely to appear within the lifetime of most of us.

Mr. Moore's very voluminous work is rather the mine whence history will be quarried, when the man and the time shall have come, than history itself. Its narrative portions, though scrupulously accurate, terse, and clear, are subordinate to the documentary and other official records of the progress of the conflict. Not that partisan representations of events have been suppressed; but when they are given, the views of both combatants are confronted with an impartiality that has extorted expressions of satisfaction and acceptance from North and South alike. In the matter of its entire trustworthiness, it has, in fact, received the most conclusive testimonial—that of being recognized in the courts as final evidence in cases arising out of the events of the war. To the historian its exhaustive compilation of whatever chronicled or illustrated the operations of either army, must always supply the foundation, in many cases the entire material, for his structure. In like manner it will be to this that the historical reader will always turn for verification of statements or for larger details than are to be found on the historian's page. The work must, therefore, be regarded as one of the essentials in every public library and in every well appointed private one.

The big volume which Messrs. Guernsey and Alden have at last brought to completion has a very different value. As a history it will prove distinctly a popular work. It is not fair to assume, as one is tempted to do from the large intermixture of *Harper's Weekly* pictures, that it is merely a piece of book-making; for its literary excellence is without reproach, and it is derived so largely from original materials, official, private, and unpublished, and completeness of reference and citation has been so harmonized with conciseness, that its authors may fairly be congratulated on their decided success in realizing their original intention—"to make this the fullest and most complete history of the civil war which at this time is possible." To appreciate this qualification it must be understood that the book terminates with last year, leaving incomplete, of course, the account of what has been done about reconstruction—a question on which it will be idle to write historically for very many years to come. Still, as a work pursued almost contemporaneously with the events it records, this deserves high praise. Its representations of facts we believe to be unassailable, and for its deductions and coloring no more allowance, perhaps, has to be made than for any narrative on which we all entertain strong prepossessions. It is, and is frankly acknowledged to be, written from a partisan stand-point. "No man competent to write the history of such a war can fail (says its authors) to have a clear conviction as to which was in the wrong and which in the right; and this conviction, if he aspires to be more than a mere annalist, will manifest itself in his works. The writers of this history frankly avow that in their conviction the Union was absolutely in the right, the Confederacy absolutely in the wrong. But they believe also that their primary allegiance as historians is to the truth. They acknowledge that a man may honestly strive for a cause which they believe to be wrong; that a man may act basely in support of a cause which they believe to be right. They have purposed to malign no man because he strove for what they hold to be the wrong; to unduly praise no man because he strove for what they believe to be the right. They have endeavored, as far as in them lay, to anticipate the sure verdict of after ages upon the great events which it has fallen to them to relate." Upon the success of the last endeavor we are perhaps no better able to pronounce than they. But it is at least certain that it is from balancing such works as this—the honest and candid representations of the partisans,

who are yet not extremists, on either side—that the verdict will be determined. Meanwhile, this may serve as a terse and readily followed narrative, and however views may change as to the philosophy of its history, the indispensability of its maps and plans must be unalterable.

*Dictionary of the United States Congress, and the General Government; compiled as a Book of Reference for the American People. By Charles Lanman. Fifth edition: revised and brought down to include the Fortieth Congress. Hartford: T. Belknap & H. E. Goodwin. 1868.—Successive editions of Mr. Lanman's dictionary have made it, in its own department, an almost complete book of reference. It appeals, of course, largely to the individual vanity of the persons themselves, and the friends of the persons who receive this passport to history. Nevertheless its information, accessible nowhere else, is invaluable to all who have anything to do with politics or with the government or its officers; while even the most superficial observers of public men and affairs will often have reason to be thankful for its aid, or else be at no small pains to get needed information without it. The scheme of the work is by this time too well known to require explanation. Of this edition it is enough to say that a more compact style of printing than was employed in the last has made room, without much increase in bulk, for several important amplifications,—for brief biographical summaries, like those of the congressmen, of cabinet ministers and justices of the Supreme Court; for tables of postal rates; of distances from Washington by the mail route to various important points throughout the states and territories; of official pay lists; for lists of the executive officers in the civil service; of the leading government publications (the same which was printed some months ago in *The Round Table*); for several new indexes, etc., etc.; beside which the whole work, of course, has been completed and brought down to date. In general the accuracy of the information given seems to be unimpeachable, the only exception we have encountered being the assurance (p. 592) that New Jersey has "no senate." The value of the Congressional biographical records, we think, would be enhanced, without at all impairing their impartiality, if there were mentioned in each case the political party to which the subject of the memoir attached himself.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

T. BELKNAP & H. E. GOODWIN, Hartford.—Dictionary of the United States Congress and the General Government. Compiled as a book of reference for the American people. By Charles Lanman. Pp. 628. 1868.
D. APPLETON & CO., New York.—Globe Edition of the Poets. Poetical Works of John Milton. With a biography by Edward Phillips. Pp. 574. 1868.
The Works of Charles Dickens. Illustrated. Nicholas Nickleby; Martin Chuzzlewit; American Notes. Pp. 338, 341, 104. 1868.
Goethe and Schiller: An historical romance. By L. Mühlbach. Translated from the German by Chapman Coleman. Pp. 283. 1868.
RIVERSIDE PRESS (Hurd & Houghton, New York).—Poems. By Horace P. Biddle. Pp. xvii. 1868.
HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.—Life in the Argentine Republic in the Days of the Tyrants. From the Spanish of Domingo F. Sarmiento. L.L.D. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author by Mrs. Horace Mann. Pp. xxxv, 400. 1868.

PAMPHLETS.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York.—Burns's Poetical Works. Complete. With a Life of the Author. Pp. 612.
Marryat's Works: Midshipman Easy. Pp. 405.
Waverley Novels: The Monastery. By Sir Walter Scott. Pp. 176.
Heart of Midlothian. By the same. Pp. 231.
We have received The Book of Judges; The Half-Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences; Annual Report of the Board of Education of the State of Connecticut.
We have also received current numbers of The Railroader—Cincinnati; The Home Monthly—Nashville; Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (American edition); The Sailor's Magazine; The American Educational Monthly—New York; The New Englander—New Haven; The Radical—Boston; The Dartmouth—Hanover; Proceedings of the Essex Institute—Salem; The Sunday-School Teacher—Chicago.

TABLE-TALK.

WILL it be regarded as trenching on republican simplicity to suggest that our car companies ought to provide their conductors and drivers with some neat and appropriate uniform? Or, if the stubborn democracy of their employees take offence at the appearance of livery, they ought, at least, to be compelled to cleanliness and decency in their apparel and persons. Ladies especially, and indeed all persons of refinement whom an unkind fate forces at times to make use of street-cars, are constantly revolted by the slovenliness and often absolute filth of the individual who, in collecting the fares, is unavoidably brought into close contact with his passengers, and who, perhaps on the principle that misery loves company, usually does his best, by pawing and rubbing up against them, to reduce every one about him to the same condition of nastiness. If the wages of such employees is insufficient to provide them with proper clothes, the companies are surely rich enough to make an extra allowance for the purpose, to be strictly accounted for; and, on the other hand, even a threadbare coat does not absolutely necessitate filthy hands. Of course we are aware that these men have very harassing duties, which leave them little opportunity and less inclination for cultivating the ordinary decencies of life; but until they shall disabuse themselves of the extraordinary notion that their position gives them the privilege of dragging and shoving about ladies and gentlemen who are unlucky enough to be found in one of their wheeled pest-houses, we who are favored with their embraces have a right to demand that they shall be as personally inoffensive as possi-

ble. A very small portion of the enormous profits of these companies might surely be devoted to making their servants presentable in decent human society.

It is rather a significant commentary on the literary standard of Yale College to find such a paragraph as this in the Townsend Prize Essay:

"The war came. It was at first regarded with bewilderment. It seemed (sic) a crime too impious. But when it is found to be a reality, the nation stands a moment in thought. It had always justified resistance; its liberties came through revolution; then (sic) seemed something sacred in any rebellion. But the pause was only for an instant. The national mind no longer wavering. This crime had no kin with liberty. Its step was backward. It would be impious to generations who (sic) had gained liberty at the Peace of Westphalia and at Yorktown, to halt a moment. Statesmen thought that the results of bloodshed in Holland, England, and America must not fall now. Leaders proclaimed it. The people took up the word. That was the meaning of that war cry, 'The wickedest rebellion against the best government in history!'"

For what part of this extraordinary jumble of moods and tenses the author is responsible, and for what part the college magazine in which it is misprinted, we are, of course, unable to say; but making all due allowance for typographical blundering, there yet remains proof of an ignorance of English grammar which we did not suppose attainable in even a second-rate American college. Either the Townsend prize holds out no very flattering incentive to the college essayists, or the talent of Yale does not run to this particular branch of letters, or perhaps we have to congratulate the professors of that time-honored university on more than ordinary success in eradicating from the minds of their pupils all knowledge of their mother tongue.

THE time has passed when the cry of "The passive for women, the active for men," can be heard unanswered. Civilization demands that women should work, that they should not be disabled from turning labor into money; and the serious question—which experience alone can solve—arises as to what kind of labor is, in all respects, suited to their capacity. Without going at present very deeply into the subject, we merely wish to refer to one means of employment for which woman is fitted, and in which, before the "women question" was seriously agitated, she has been acknowledged to excel, namely, drawing. These remarks are suggested by observing, with pleasure, the merit of the first published effort of the young lady who took the highest prize in this department at the Cooper Institute this spring. Her picture serves as an illustration to "Adam and Eve," in *The Galaxy* for August. It is easy and graceful, and promises well for the future of this young artist.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO. have in preparation *The Journal of the Voyage of H. M. S. the Galatea round the World, under the Command of H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh; Chambers's Encyclopaedia Atlas*, designed to accompany *Chambers's Encyclopaedia*; *Seekers After God*, the Lives of Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, by Rev. F. W. Farrar, M.A., being the third volume of *The Sunday Library*; *Ab-sa-ra-ka, Home of the Crows*, being the experience of an officer's wife on the plains during the first occupation of the Powder River route to Montana, 1866-67, and the Indian hostility thereto; *John Ward's Governess*: a novel; *A Hand-book of Vaccination*, by Edward C. Seaton, M.D., Medical Inspector to the Privy Council; *Tricorin, the Story of a Waif and Stray*, by "Ouida"; and *Five Years at the Golden Gate*.

MR. JAMES MILLER has in press *The Three Wives*, by Miss Annie Thomas.

THE following correction of a misstatement, to which we regret having been led to give currency, will explain itself: TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I notice in your issue of August 1 a paragraph stating that J. K. H. S. Allen have bought out my stock. No such sale has taken place nor is likely to, and I consider your announcement is calculated to do me a deal of injury. I have a large retail as well as wholesale business; and although there has been some conversation between Messrs. Allen and myself relative to their purchasing the stereotype plates of my juvenile publications, no decision has yet been made, so that your announcement is premature.

I trust your sense of justice will dictate the propriety of correcting the statement in your next issue.

Yours truly, JAMES MILLER.

647 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, July 31, 1868.

GENERAL CHARLES G. HALPIN's sudden death, on the night of the 2d inst., will be heard with regret by many others than his personal friends. He was a man of generous impulses and unusual talents, and metropolitan journalism especially has reason to mourn the loss of so ready and brilliant a writer.

MR. SEBA SMITH, the original and famous Major Jack Downing, died at his residence in Patchogue, L. I., on the 29th ult.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the appended verses, with the explanation that he saw this in some foreign notes the other day and could not help rhyming it:

ROSSINI AND THE ASPIRING AMATEUR (SCHERZO).
"Quite good! quite good indeed!" said old Rossini to young Strun met,
When his dirge for Meyerbeer the old Maestro heard him play;
"But don't you think, my friend, 'twould have improved the matter
somewhat
If Meyerbeer the dirge had writ and you had passed away?"

HARRISBURG, Aug., 1868.

MR. HENRY MORLEY, the well-known professor of English Literature in University College, London, has discovered a poem, which he believes to be Milton's. After the critics had expressed a variety of opinions of its authenticity,

drawn from internal evidence, there was published this strong piece of evidence against it:

"To THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES:

"SIR: I have had to-day so many applications to see the edition of Milton's Poems, 1645, in the King's Library, in consequence of a letter by Professor Morley in your columns of yesterday, attributing a MS. copy of verses at the end of the volume to the poet Milton, that I am induced to make it known that the poem is subscribed with the initials 'P. M.' and not 'J. M.' as represented by Mr. Morley; and that, moreover, the handwriting is not Milton's."

"In this opinion I am confirmed by Mr. Bond, the Keeper of the Department of MSS.

I remain, etc.,

"W. B. RVE, Assistant Keeper of the Department of Printed Books, British Museum.

"July 17."

The last proposed novelty in London journalism is a Japanese newspaper. A Chinese journal already exists.

The last instalment of the inscriptions and fragments imported to England from Ephesus has been received and is being unpacked at the British Museum. The inscriptions date mostly from the period of the Roman empire, and are written in Greek.

A FRENCH critic in *Le Temps*, of Paris, discusses the first representation of Richard Wagner's *Meistersingers* at Monachium. The opera, he says, has been brought out with a care and splendor which prove that the great composer is all-powerful with King Louis II. All the singers whom the maestro named for the different parts had been procured regardless of trouble and expense. The execution was truly admirable, and the "noisy victory" of Wagner cannot be denied. The writer concedes that the opera contains some very exquisite passages, but he adds that, to enjoy it, "one must be a Wagnerian, if not a German."

THE French Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres has at its last session bestowed the first Gobert prize on M. Léon Gautier for his work, *Les Epopées Françaises*. Three years ago M. Gaston Paris received the same prize for his *Histoire Politique de Charlemagne*. Both these works furnish honorable evidence of the zeal and talent with which a portion of the younger French savans are exploring the domain of ancient French literature.

M. LITTRÉ has at last given to the public the first two volumes of his masterpiece, the great historical and illustrative dictionary, upon which he has been engaged for a score of years. M. Littré—whom M. Sainte-Beuve has called a library and encyclopedia in himself, and the range of whose labors, in science, philosophy, literature, criticism, has perhaps been unsurpassed by any man of his generation—was led by his duties as one of the committee that prepared the *Histoire Littéraire de la France* to make those studies of the origin and growth of his language which have taken shape in the dictionary. An accomplished classicist, he was well fitted to familiarize himself with the perplexing and still unformed languages and literatures of the middle ages, and this investigation suggested his original scheme of a literary and historical dictionary of old French, before Amyot, Montaigne, and Rabelais wrote. In its present shape the student gets from it not only the etymology and modern use of a word, but its earliest signification and its transformations and growth from age to age. Modern French the author dates from Malherbe, two centuries ago, during which time he has gathered the usage of writers obscure and unimportant as well as the greatest, omitting only obsolete words, which he regards as an ample field in themselves for a philologist. M. Littré's work will have fewer quotations than the great dictionary of the Academy, but in its arrangement and precision his is said to surpass it, while the latter will by no means render his superfluous to the student of the French tongue.

THE French edition of Napoleon I.'s correspondence, published by order of Napoleon III., has already reached its twenty-third quarto, and promises for this reason to be entirely inaccessible to a majority of private individuals.

THE North German Confederation has adopted the French system of measures and weights, and this is regarded as an indication that the French gold standard will also be accepted.

THIS German adoption of the metrical system reminds us of its past history. The system, though introduced in France as early as 1792, was not declared obligatory until 1840. In Belgium its introduction dates since 1836, and Holland adopted it in the year 1819. Spain has received it since 1859 and extended it to her colonies. Portugal followed in 1862. In Italy, Lombardy and Piedmont have long declared in its favor, but in the monarchy it has only lately been accepted. Greece had adopted it already in 1846. In the New World, Mexico, Guatemala, Chili, Costa Rica, New Granada, Venezuela, and Ecuador use the metrical measures. The Russian government has promised to subscribe to it when England leads the way. In England the engineers have long adopted the metrical system, and in February, 1864, Parliament took a first step in that direction by abolishing, by a vote of 90 against 52, a law which prohibited the use of foreign weights and measures. Considering the connection of measure, weight, and coin—which, for instance, enables us both to measure and to weigh with a French coin—there can be little doubt that the system will soon become an international one.

THAT the slave trade is still carried on between the Caucasus and the Turkish ports most of our readers probably learned for the first time from our paragraph last week. By a later foreign mail, however, we have the still more surprising information that this traffic flourishes under British government, in India. *The Indian Daily News* translates from a native paper, the *Shome Prokash*, a letter from a Brahmin who has attended a sale of girls at a bazaar near Calcutta. When he first heard that such a sale was going on he could scarcely believe he was living under the British government; however, he found that he had been but too correctly informed, for on going to a certain quarter of the bazaar at Manickgunge he saw a cluster of girls, of from two to thirteen years of age, standing up for sale. The prices varied according to the age and beauty of the children: girls of seven ruled at about four hundred rupees; an old man of seventy whispered an offer of seven hundred and fifty rupees for a very beautiful girl of thirteen, who was surrounded by quite a crowd of bidders. An exchange of daughters was taking place in another part of the bazaar. The writer of the letter, who appears to have been greatly horrified by what he witnessed, as well as chagrined at his own inability to purchase, implores the editor to direct the attention of the government officials to the matter, and save many Brahmin families from perdition.

THE POPE was seventy-six years old last May, but this advanced age does not appear much to have impaired his bodily vigor. He is none of those old men who are a picture of pitiful decay, where the spirit only just anticipates the body on its way to the second cradle.

THE venerable Guizot, also, in spite of his eighty-one years, still manifests a remarkable activity of intellect and an undiminished interest in all contemporary questions. The publishing house of M. Lévy Frères, at Paris, have just announced another work from his pen, entitled *Méditations sur la Religion Chrétienne dans ses Rapports avec l'Etat actuel des Sociétés et des Esprits*. These *Méditations* contain a preface of more than one hundred pages (over one-third of the work), in which the author touches upon different important events of the day, such as the reconstruction of Germany, etc., etc.

THE preparations for an expedition to measure Mount Sinai, which were interrupted by the death of the Rev. Pierce Butler, will be resumed by the Rev. H. G. Williams and Mr. F. Holland, who have offered to take charge of it. An officer and a detachment of the engineer corps have already been detailed for the work by the British war office.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER, *The Owl* reports, has received an offer from the Egyptian government to organize and lead an expedition to open communications for trade between the Lake country of the Upper Nile and Lower Egypt. The system of colonization projected by the Egyptian government is to establish a line of military forts along the course of the Upper Nile.

LIEUT. LE SAINT, who was exploring the White Nile region under the auspices of the Paris Geographical Society, has fallen a victim to the African climate, dying at Abou-Kouka, 120 miles north of Gondokoro.

MR. PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, best known in this country by his delightful volume, *A Painter's Camp*, and also author of *Essays on Art, Etchers and Etching*, and *Contemporary French Painters*, has lately resigned his post on the staff of *The Saturday Review*, whose columns for some years past have been enriched by his able criticisms of the pictures of the London exhibitions. As Mr. Hamerton resides in France (Pré Charmoy, Autun, Saône et Loire), this step has been taken partly on account of the inconvenience attending long visits to London, which were prejudicial to his health, and partly through a desire to use the time occupied by these literary engagements for the production of something less ephemeral than review criticisms. He is now engaged on a volume to be entitled *Painters of the Second Empire*, continuing as usual his severe studies in painting. His work on *Etching*, lately published, ought to be better known in this country than it is. Though rather expensive, persons of artistic sympathies will find it a good investment. As a conscientious, trained, and intelligent writer on the agreeable subjects embraced within his scope, his place is now fully recognized in the republic of letters. For the cultivated reader, of almost any proclivities, his books are not without a charm, while to the student of art we consider them of peculiar value.

MR. GEORGE ROSE—"Arthur Sketchley," best known, perhaps, to our readers as the "Mrs. Brown," of *Fun*, who lectured last winter in New York—is about to publish his impressions of America in a volume entitled *The Great Country*.

MR. CLEMENT WILLIAMS, formerly an English military and political official in Burmah, has published, in two volumes, *Through Burmah to Western China*. The journey described was made in 1863 to ascertain the practicability of a trade-route between the Irrawaddy and Yang-tse-Kiang rivers.

DR. W. B. HODGSON has sent to the press a translation of the late Count Cavour's *Considerations on the Condition of Ireland and its Future*.

PROF. MAX MULLER will publish next October the first volume of the *Rig Veda*, the great work on which he has been engaged for a score of years, and the final portions of which—so we think he said in the preface to his *Chips from a German Workshop*—were put to press last winter.

No Lady of Fashion thinks of going to a party, or making a morning call, without first sprinkling her brodered handkerchief with Phalon's EXTRACT OF THE FLOR DE MAYO, a Perfume stolen from the moonlit vales of South America, to add a new charm to the atmosphere of the gay world.

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MINN eyes were swollen and almost shut, my whole face and arms were covered with swellings large as my thumb, caused by mosquitoes that infest this vicinity. I got Wolcott's Pain Paint and made an application. All pain and smart as if by magic instantly disappeared, the swellings subsided very soon, and I cheerfully endorse it as the best thing in the world.—JENNY WILLIAMS, Greenpoint, L. I.

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PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, it appears by a coroner's inquest that WILLIAM KRAMER came to his death on the morning of July 22d, 1868, opposite to the premises No. 47 Bowery, in this city, at the hands of some person or persons unknown; and

Whereas, it further appears that the efforts of the police authorities to secure the arrest of the person or persons who committed this crime have been unavailing:

Now, therefore, I, John T. Hoffman, Mayor of the City of New York, by virtue of the authority vested in me, do hereby offer a reward of Five Hundred Dollars for the apprehension of the person or persons who committed the aforesaid crime, to be paid on the certificate of the Judge before whom said person or persons shall be tried and convicted of said offence, or on the certificate of the District Attorney by whom such trial and conviction may be procured, that said apprehension and conviction were obtained on the information given by the claimant or claimants of the said reward; provided that the claim shall be presented within twenty days after such conviction, and not thereafter.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, at the City of New York, this 30th day of July, A.D. 1868.
(Seal.) JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Mayor.

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Chief-Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writes:

"PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.

"I find Hoofland's German Bitters is a good tonic, useful in diseases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action in the system.

"Yours truly, GEO. W. WOODWARD."

HON. JAMES THOMPSON,

Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

"PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1866.

"I consider Hoofland's German Bitters a valuable medicine in case of attacks of indigestion or dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it.

"Yours, with respect, JAMES THOMPSON."

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D.D.,

Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

"Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course to express my full conviction that, for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.

"Yours, very respectfully, J. H. KENNARD,

"Eight, below Coates Street."

FROM REV. E. D. FENDALL,

Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia.

"I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver,

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Vol. 8. THE ROUND TABLE. Vol. 8.

From *The Tribune*, New York, June 25, 1868.

"We want a good weekly paper, whose essays shall be well considered, yet short and entertaining; which shall combine the careful and judicial character of the review with the sprightliness of the daily journal; which shall discuss fearlessly the problems of politics, and touch with graceful pen the current topics of literature, art, science, and society—a paper, in fine, like *The London Spectator*, only a trifle more lively, or like *The Saturday Review*, but with more variety and less cynicism. . . . A good, high-toned, literary paper such as we have described we have never had yet. There have been several attempts to found such a publication, but they seem not to have been made by the right persons or made in the right way, and the result has always been failure. This paper is slumberous, that is sleepless; one is too redolent of musty libraries, another is scented with the fumes of the beer-cellars. Here you have a periodical as wise as Solon, as ponderous as Dr. Dryasdust, as solemn as the ovals of Minerva; and here another, which the callow brains of undergraduates have filled with screeds about nothing and trivial compositions on metaphysics and astronomy. It is not with such reading as this that thinking men want to occupy their hours of leisure. The literary journal which is to reach the best classes of American society must be thoughtful, earnest, vivacious, and elegant. Who will give it us?"

From *The New York Leader*, June 27, 1868.

"The Tribune says there is great need for a good literary weekly journal. *The Round Table* was just such a 'good journal' until it had the clever criticism on H. G. which a few weeks ago we copied."

Extract from the Proceedings of the Georgia Historical Society, Savannah, May 18, 1868.

"Mr. B. Mallon said that there had been some talk with reference to *The Round Table*, a literary paper published in New York, and some of the members were desirous of having it introduced in the city, and especially among the members of the Society. It was equal to any of the best London publications, and should have a widely extended influence."

"Mr. Lancaster spoke in favor of the journal, as did also Dr. Charters."

"Mr. Mallon offered the following resolution, which met with general approbation:

"Resolved, That we commend to the attention of the members of the Historical Society, and to our citizens generally, *The Round Table*, a weekly paper of a very high literary character, eminently deserving a place in every cultivated family in our city."

Extract from a letter of the late Fitz-Greene Halleck, dated October 26, 1867.

"I value *The Round Table* very highly indeed. It equals *The London Spectator* and excels *The London Saturday Review*. If persevered in, it will create and command its own public, in a short time—a public composed of our most intelligent classes—of those to whom the purely, or rather impurely, party newspapers are a nuisance."

Extract from Mr. Fred. S. Cozens's preface to *Father Tom and the Pope*, second edition, p. xii.

"*The Round Table*, . . . a review that has blood and marrow in it, for it does not hesitate to speak right out in a straightforward, manly way, and say 'That is wrong,' when it has reason to say so."

From *The Anglo-American Times*, London.

"It comes nearer to the standard of excellence attained by the chief London weeklies than the New York daily press does to that of the leading London dailies. It is characterized by the strongest and freest expression of truth; commenting without fear on social, political, and moral delinquencies."

From *The Richmond Enquirer*.

"This paper combines all the piquancy and variety of the best weeklies with the dignity and learning which belongs to a quarterly review. We have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that it is the best literary paper, in all senses, published in the whole of the United States."

From *Trübner's Literary Record*, London.

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